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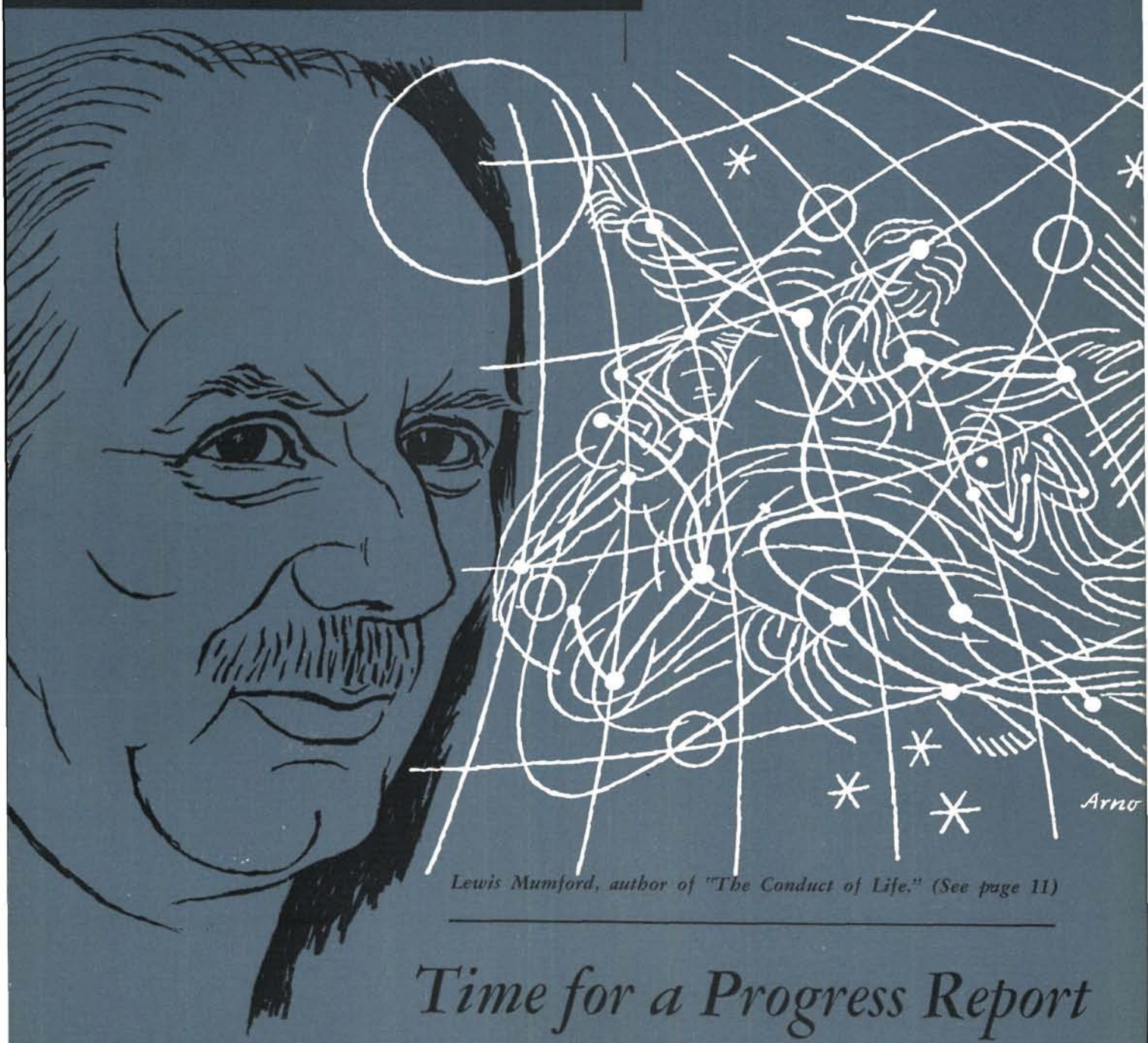

Lewis Mumford, author of "The Conduct of Life." *(See page 11)*

Time for a Progress Report

By WALTER WHITE

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV. No. 38, September 22, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

TRIBUTE TO A COLONEL

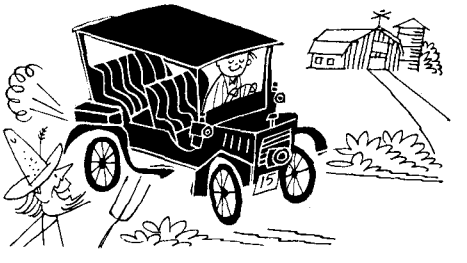
PUBLISHERS who are seeking new world outlets for their books and citizens in general who would like to have intelligent summaries of the American way of life circulated in backward countries where they will do the most good would do well to cultivate Colonel Joseph Greene, editor of *Army Combat Forces Journal,*

and Secretary and General Manager of the Association of the United States Army, at 1115—17th Street, NW, Washington, D. C. The Association is a private but non-profit making organization, like the *National Geographic,* whose ten-million-dollar plant stands just across the block, a constant goad and inspiration to the Colonel who, though retired from active service in 1945 because of arthritis, is still brimming with pep and enthusiasm today.

The book world first became aware of Joe Greene's prowess in World War Two, when he appeared on a panel set up by *The New York Times* and held his own against Kip Fadiman on the value of books in war time. Later he helped choose "Imperatives" (remember them?) and teamed up with Ian Ballantine, then manager of Penguin, to produce Fighting Forces Books at a quarter a copy—the source of millions of worthy volumes for use in the Army and Navy until the publishers bestirred themselves and produced their own Armed Services Editions. After the war Colonel Greene supervised the production of sixty-two unofficial histories of military divisions and other units with several more still to come.

The story of the Association of the U. S. Army parallels the expansion of the military machine necessitated by recurrent world crisis. In 1904 when the oldest of its parent institutions, the U. S. Infantry Association, was organized "to lift the infantry out of the peasant class," it attracted 2,000 officers, whose yearly dues of $3 secured for them not only a subscription to the *Journal,* but advice on their careers and advance information on any new post to which they might be assigned. In those days our one-horse Army was run really by the Adjutant General, who designated duties for all officers. The rate of promotion was so slow that some graduates of West Point remained lieutenants for as long as twenty-two years! One of the charter members of the Association was Second Lieutenant George C. Marshall, who became one of its editors not long before the U. S. entered the First World War.

That war, of course, sent the circulation of the *Infantry Journal* soaring, but it languished again in peace time. When Major John H. Burns and Captain Joe Greene took over in 1938 it was under 10,000. Burns died in 1940. Greene has been in charge ever since. Not only did he guide it through the tumultuous days of 1942-45, but because he never missed an opportunity to urge the military and civilians to read books for both relaxation and a proper understanding of what the war was all about, he increased the annual turnover of books at the Association from $50,000 to a million and a half. Members in the armed services get a coupon with each book purchase that entitles them to a 10 per cent discount on their next order. That's in line with the discount offered by lots of college co-operatives and, considering the salaries of military officers today, seems not only justified but inadequate. I'd like to see enlisted personnel get at least 25 per cent off on book



purchases, and think publishers should act in unison to make that possible.

In addition to supplying books to military personnel, Joe Greene's organization was engaged to handle translation rights for Germany, Austria, and Japan in 1947. In the past year it has also bought $350,000 worth of books for direct governmental use

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in overseas outposts. Its reviews of both old and new books are used by State Department officials in deciding what volumes should receive Government assistance toward translation and publication by publishers of other countries. Obviously, Colonel Greene's office should get advance review copies of any book promoting the American way or fighting Communistic doctrines.

Personally Joe Greene is a jolly, soft-spoken gentleman of fifty-three, and an endless source of rich material to any columnist (me, for instance) in search of out-of-the-way material. He was born in Watertown, New York (home today of Beulah Rector, one of the best literary editors in the country), and chugged about in his father's horseless wagon (license number 15) when automobiles brought farmers running from their barns to hoot with derision. He was educated in Florida and bagged a job on the Daytona *Daily News*. His enlistment in the Army and his later appointment to West Point ended a sure career in journalism. After a hitch in Panama Lt. Greene was assigned to Fort Benning in 1927, where he began writing book reviews for the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, owned by the son of Joel Chandler Harris. The paper won a Pulitzer Prize for its work on behalf of the Negroes, but unappreciative merchants wouldn't support its advertising columns, and it folded. Greene continued his dual role of officer and editorial writer in the Philippines and China, and his choice as co-editor of the *Infantry Journal* in 1938 was inevitable. TRADE WINDS hopes he will continue to be a source of inspiration

Joseph Greene—"source of rich material."

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ALL THIS TALK about military affairs reminds me of a good story about U. S. Intelligence Officers in World War Two.

The Geneva Convention provided that no prisoner of war could be forced to disclose to his captors any information other than his name and rank. He did not even have to tell his military unit nor what he was up to at the time of his capture.

Needless to say, these regulations frequently balked the efforts of our Intelligence Corps to pry vital information from prisoners on the Western front in 1944, particularly when they were officers from Hitler's elite and dreaded S.S. corps, who added insufferable arrogance to their refusal to talk. One S.S. colonel was particularly offensive. While fellow prisoners leered with ill-concealed delight, he delivered a violent philippic against democracy to a major who was attempting to question him and finally jumped up and spat in the major's face. The enraged major whipped out a pistol and shot the prisoner point blank. The S.S. colonel crumpled to the floor, bespattered with blood, and was carried away on a stretcher. The other prisoners suddenly lost their arrogance and hastened to tell the interrogators everything they knew.

They would have been surprised, could they have witnessed a scene at the Officers' Club some minutes later. The American major and the S. S. colonel, miraculously restored, stood arm in arm at the bar, hoisting a couple to the good health of the Amer-

ican Army in general and Bill Donovan's O.S.S in particular. The "S.S. colonel," in fact, was an American officer himself, and the "blood" that had covered him was ketchup commandeered from the commissary department. The scene he had enacted had been perfected through frequent repetition—and never once had it failed to loosen the tongues of the most arrogant and uncooperative Nazi prisoners. "It's all perfectly legal," explained the officer. "There's nothing in the Geneva agreement to prevent it—and furthermore, I'm a member in good standing of Actors' Equity."

—BENNETT CERF.

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Bookmarks

IN 1829, when he was twenty-five years old, Benjamin Disraeli, already author of two novels but still a long way from the British premiership, wrote to a friend: "I advise you to take care of my letters, for if I become half as famous as I intend to be you may sell them for ten guineas apiece." Hesketh Pearson quotes the passage in his entertaining "Dizzy." Alas, the young man's prophecy was over-bullish. A search in the indispensable "American Book-Prices Current," edited by Edward Lazare, discloses the melancholy intelligence that in 1944 two Disraeli letters in one lot brought $18, and in 1947 a single long letter sold for $12—there are no other entries during the past ten years. It might console Dizzy somewhat to learn that during this same period his great adversary Gladstone had no entries at all.

* * *

Reading maketh a full man, but the wrong kind of reading makes the wrong kind of fullness.

* * *

The hero of William L. Shirer's "The Traitor" is an American correspondent in Berlin who returns home and goes on a lecture tour. Mr. Shirer was himself an American correspondent in Berlin who returned home and went on lecture tours. So when Mr. Shirer says of his hero, "In all his travels from coast to coast, Jack never saw an American male reading a book," it seems reasonable to assume that this was Mr. Shirer's own experience. Jack, subbing for Mr. Shirer, also broods over the fact that "few Americans were aware that America was the last among the ten leading nations in the per capita purchase of books." What a market!

* * *

Household hint: Steel wool, judiciously applied, will remove any unwanted flyleaf inscription except the heavy-handed sort that bites through to the other side of the sheet.

* * *

The era when many books had gilt edges was also the era when most clouds had silver linings.

* * *

Western Union sent 5,969,092,935 words in 1950, roughly the equivalent of 59,690 first novels.

* * *

Can a cat dog a man's footsteps?

—J. T. W.

She lived a great moment in history — but wanted only a life of love

The Glorious Three

By JUNE WETHERELL

IT was a wild, adventurous settlement, a nineteenth-century town on Puget Sound — trembling with a lusty tide of prospectors, traders, and prostitutes . . . And to fragile Emily Ashburn it seemed a long, long way from New England.

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Nigel Balchin has found a man — you discover that it is you — at the heart of a dilemma that requires for solution all the judgment and kindly tact that you, for instance, possess. You are, you hope, a reasonable man. And after eleven years of marriage you know your wife rather better than she knows herself. If you call this folly of hers by all the standard names everything is lost.

Yet Bill is certainly a fool and why shouldn't your wife see it. Of course, men are quicker than women to see through other men — especially attractive other men — perhaps she will realize it; but how long will it take and what damage will be done in the waiting?

Then there is this wretched business of the hit-run killing, for example. Now there is really vicious behaviour. And an unpleasant thing, as it happens, for old Bill who owns the only heavy green car in the neighborhood. Everyone who knows Bill *knows*, of course, that he's incapable of such cowardice and you least of all, now, are in a position to judge.

Well, there it is. No one could have foreseen the outcome. No one could have done more — many men would have done less — yet, after all, your dilemma is resolved by the blind mischance of fate. Has it been unreasonable to act reasonably? That question, then, is at the heart of Nigel Balchin's new book. It is the problem of every civilized man when he tries to deal with the uncivilized facts in his life.

A Way Through *the* Wood

by NIGEL BALCHIN

$3.00 ***Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers***

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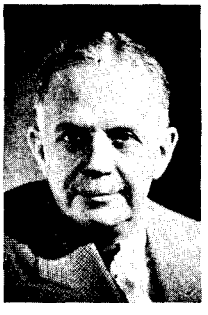
The Saturday Review of Literature

Time for a Progress Report

WALTER WHITE



Walter White

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Clark recently were prevented by a riotous mob from taking up residence in Cicero, Ill., every newspaper in the world front-paged the story and every broadcasting station, particularly those of Moscow directed toward Asia and Africa, blared the sorry details. Soon after, when the Clarks arrived in New York City on an eastern trip, they were copiously quoted by press and radio about the affair and their plans for the future—which was as it should be, since the story was legitimate news. But the next day, when the Clarks went to Norwalk, Conn., to be guests of honor on United Nations Day, a part of the New England town's three hundredth anniversary celebration, all but one New York newspaper completely ignored it. Except for the local press the arduous preparation which the local committees had devoted many months in preparing came to naught from a journalistic point of view. Cruelty and hatred of human beings for others had manufactured screaming headlines around the globe; decency and brotherhood made none.

The incident would not be so disturbing if it were not so familiar. During the past two years in many parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Caribbean, I have been asked this question: "How can you, an American Negro, defend so-called democracy when your own people are lynched, segregated, discriminated against . . . denied basic human rights?"

This has been my answer. "We do not claim to have achieved perfect democracy yet. We still have lynching, segregation, and discrimination. But more and more Americans are ashamed of these practices and are doing something about them. In America, organizations like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are permitted to function, often in disagreement with and criticism of our own Government. Contrast this state of affairs with what happens in totalitarian countries where critics of the government are shipped off to exile or stood up against a wall and shot. We prefer to take our chances and fight our way in a democracy, whatever its shortcomings, for we *are* making progress . . . often painfully slow, but it is still progress."

Commenting upon this progress, a Hindu college professor said to me recently: "When I returned to the United States after an absence of ten years, I was startled, amazed, almost overwhelmed by the change in the American attitude toward the Negro and other dark-skinned people. It is a change I did not expect. The enemies of America have been busy spreading the story of what is wrong in your country. You, on the other hand, have not done a good job of telling what is right.

"Colored people in Asia, Africa, and South America read with horror and alarm stories of the stoning of your Federal Judge Waties Waring in Charleston, South Carolina . . . of attempts to burn the home of a distinguished Negro scientist like Dr. Percy Julian . . . of the killing by a police lieutenant of a Negro subpoenaed to testify before the Federal Grand Jury . . . of the Democratic State Convention meeting in Georgia where it was voted to use physical force, if necessary, to prevent children from attending the same schools. We know all about the wholesale court-martialing of Negro GI's in Korea. We are well aware that your Congress is threatening once again to filibuster against civil rights. All of this is building up a terrible and terrifying anti-white feeling all over the world."

IT IS heartbreakingly important that the other side of the picture be shown . . . that the story of progress be told. For there has been real progress in at least fifteen different areas.

1. *Supreme Court Decisions.* In the last ten years, the United States Supreme Court has ruled affirmatively nineteen times on civil rights issues directly affecting the Negro. Nine of those decisions, dealing with the unconstitutional exclusion of Negroes

Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is the author of "A Man Called White," and other books.

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from juries and convictions obtained by means of confessions extorted by torture, affirmed and strengthened previous rulings. The other ten broke important new ground on disfranchisement, educational discrimination and segregation, and jim crow transportation on public carriers. (On the other hand, however, it should be noted that during the same decade the Supreme Court upheld Georgia's "county unit" voting system which gives sparsely populated counties relatively greater political power than densely populated areas.)

On April 3, 1944, the United States Supreme Court ruled in a Texas case that qualified Negroes cannot be denied the right to vote in so-called "white Democratic primaries." As a result, there are today approximately one million registered Negro voters in the South who, with but a few exceptions, have voted without incident. This new Negro vote promises to lessen the number of "race-hatred" candidates for public office.

2. *The Struggle for Education.* Four recent Supreme Court decisions dealt with denial of graduate and professional education to qualified Negro citizens in tax-supported state universities. Institutions involved were the universities of Oklahoma, Missouri, and Texas and represented the culmination of a twenty-year struggle. When legal actions to challenge such discrimination were begun in 1932 even so informed and courageous a man as the late Edwin R. Embree of the Julius Rosenwald Fund feared violence. In every instance the reaction of the overwhelming majority of students, faculty, and the public at large has been exactly the opposite—heartwarming, friendly, as well as cooperative.

In two notable decisions in June 1950 the Supreme Court ordered the admission of Negro appellants to the Law School of the University of Texas and to the Graduate School of Education of the University of Oklahoma.

There are two potent reasons why segregation is passing. First is the prohibitive cost of duplication. As the president of a Southern state university said recently: "You can't afford to build a cyclotron for a single student." Second: the changed attitude of students and faculty which has made possible the admission *without one untoward incident* of Negro students to the universities of West Virginia, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky. Vigorous campaigns are being waged to attract colored students to many colleges and universities and to preparatory schools like Groton, Lawrenceville, and Westover. A decade ago a few Negroes taught courses in race relations or Negro literature and culture. Today in at least seventy-two non-segregated colleges and universities Negroes teach physical and social sciences, history, art, and other "non-racial" topics.

Edward R. Dudley, Ambassador to Liberia.

Jackie Robinson, Brooklyn Dodgers star.

—*Photos by Harris & Ewing.*

William H. Hastie, Federal Court judge.

3. *Committee on Civil Rights.* Since chattel slavery was ended by the Civil War, American opinion had no rallying point so far as Negro rights were involved until 1946 when the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights was published. The objectives of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments were almost nullified during the latter part of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth century. But the report of the President's Committee charted a courageous and detailed course of action for the Federal and state governments, private organizations, and individuals against racial and religious bigotry. The report has done much to crystallize and activate official and private opinion. Most of the recommendations in the report remain unfulfilled. But many Americans have been convinced of the necessity for action.

4. *Integration in the Armed Forces.* In 1940 a leading Negro newspaper launched a vigorous campaign for an all-Negro division in the United States Army. Only the most stout-hearted questioned the wisdom of the campaign since there seemed little hope that even an army then being organized to fight for democracy against the totalitarianism of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and militaristic Japan could so conquer tradition as to permit Negro and white Americans to serve in the same units.

A bloodless, painless revolution of attitude has taken place within a decade. Unremitting pressure by both white and Negro Americans has brought about fundamental changes. Another Presidential committee's report on integration of Negroes into the armed services materially stepped up the process of democratization. The policy of segregation in the Air Force and Navy has been abolished. The Army is more slowly and reluctantly following suit.

Differentials in education and economic opportunity, from which up to the present the Negro has suffered in the South, have resulted in a lower proportion of Negroes in the higher echelons of the armed services. But uniformed jim crow is on the way out and American prestige in "colored" countries like India, Japan,

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Ideas. *A large share of New England's contributions to American thought can be traced to just two families—the Adamses and the Jameses. Henry, the historian and critic, has been known in recent years chiefly through his "Education of Henry Adams." The balance of his deprecating self-portrait is likely to be corrected soon, for a number of studies of the man and his mind are in preparation. First to appear is "Runaway Star," by Robert A. Hume (page 13), rhapsodically eulogistic. Of the Jameses, Henry, father of a great novelist (Henry) and psychologist (William), is little known, in spite of his own importance. F. H. Young's book about his philosophy (page 36), while not a definitive work, is highly useful. One of the most significant American philosophers of our own day is Lewis Mumford, who has elaborated his system of thought in a series of three volumes, "Technics and Civilization," "The Culture of Cities," "The Condition of Man." His "The Conduct of Life" (reviewed below), although just published, serves as a fine introduction to the earlier volumes.*

Views on Human Nature

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 342 pp. $5.

By WALDO FRANK

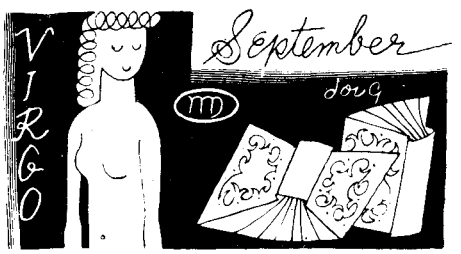
DURING a generation, Lewis Mumford has produced a body of cultural criticism unprecedented in our literature. His vision has been broad without loss of depth; it has examined the roots as well as the dynamic trends of our techniques, arts, education, and national politics, yet always in the key of general ideas; its focus has been American, yet every page of it bespeaks the conscience and passionate concern of a citizen of the world. There is a symbol in the juxtaposed names of his first book, "The Story of Utopias" (1922), and of his latest: "The Conduct of Life"; for the unswerving task of Mumford has been to transform men's dreams into actions. As his vision developed, the modern crisis has darkened; and the sense of urgency increasingly warms the words of the man who is, I believe, the most lucid and devoted intelligence of our country. Like the physician who brings all his learning and all his diagnostic power to the bedside in order to serve the patient, Mumford has read wide and deep, has observed and analyzed acutely, on the premise that only the most exhaustive consciouness can save us.

The heart of Mumford's work has been the series which this book terminates. The earlier three volumes, as their titles reveal ("Technics and Civilization," "The Culture of Cities," "The Condition of Man"), might be called a pictorial history of modern man; pictorial, because our values and our deadly dangers are presented in their overt forms: the origins and growth of technics, the function and abuse of cities, the mutual impacts of our myths, philosophies, folkways, economics, and arts upon each other. There is nothing abstract in these essays; what ideology there is, lives embedded in the specific scrutinies. Now in this final volume, Mumford makes his ideology explicit. "The Conduct of Life" comes last, but is really an introduction. In the sense that it explicates the author's view of human nature, it is the most abstract of his works. But in its portrayal of Lewis Mumford's mind and of his way of life (itself a definition of "a whole man" as Mumford understands it), the book is autobiography. Indeed, not a small part of its value rests in this personal dimension.

Mumford begins at the beginning. How can man understand his plight, win survival and salvation, unless he knows what he is? The clues are in history, since man produces history with himself. Mumford's sense of history is organic, including the arts, science, religions—more deeply, the words and dreams of men, no less than politics and economics. Mumford rejects the inadequate ground of the philosophy of mass and energy by which Western man has tried to interpret reality since the Renaissance. From a way of life denying the primal validity of the subjective, he explains the sequels of totalitarianism, regimentation, atom-bombs, and genocide —the whole desperate modern shrinkage. "The age of the machine is over." It has made its permanent contribution; to persist in it, to seek health in it, is to die in a maniacal obsession. Mumford rejects the positivist theory of growth by arithmetic doses. Man, he discovers, has moved by radical conversions; by "axial" change that instantly transforms every spoke of life's wheel. These revolutions, incarnate in great men, are the active form of intuitions within all men's dreams. In these purely naturalistic terms, Mumford finds "the sense of the divine an historic fact of man's nature." Nature and history are a teleology; that chance could have brought forth this world, he dismisses as more unlikely than the wonders of the hagiography. But Mumford rejects the teleology that would make of man's story a pre-ordained design worked out "beforehand" by a God. The plan — and the God—are, he argues, emergent. Each moment of reality projects an unpredictable future, yet this future molds the present. Man tends to create the divine, of his own substance: the divine being an abstract name for the values and love men indefeasibly bear within them.

The divine, in other words, for Mumford, is the creative end; and its fulcrum and lever is the person. Thus, the book's multiple inquiries converge on the person, actor, and scene of the cultural drama which, in our "Time of Trouble," is the drama of survival. How define, preserve, and produce persons? The last chapters go into details: suggest ways to counteract the depersonalizing force of a machine-ideologized age; ways by which intimate and family life, education, group activities (from village to world-government) may simultaneously nurture the creation of persons. And Mumford's prescriptions are gleaned from the latest discoveries of psychology, physiology, and sociology, as well as from the wisdom of the high religions.

"Man is the guardian of life," writes



Waldo Frank is the author of many novels and books on American civilization and culture, including "Island in the Atlantic." His newest book, "Birth of a World," a study of Bolivar and his influence, is reviewed in this issue.

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Lewis Mumford. Why have faith in him? The confidence is not logically presented from Mumford's premise of a merely "emergent God . . . at the end of the formative process"—which begs the question. Rheinhold Niebuhr's historic pessimism and transcendental optimism are logical from his Lutheran premise; Roderick Seidenberg's thorough-going pessimism — disclosed in "Post-Historic Man: An Inquiry" (1950)—is logical from his rationalist-empirical premise. Mumford's "emergent divinity" is a semantic trick by which he (unconsciously) covers his confused transition between the empiricism he rejects but which still holds him, and the religious knowledge toward which his intelligence impels him but which he has not attained.

Man's awareness and experience of God may be emergent. But if God is more than the ethical metaphor of eighteenth-century deists, he is not emergent from the natural process; except in the mode of immanence, he is not in time. When Mumford defines religion as "a sphere beyond knowledge and certainty," he reveals his essential misunderstanding. In the true religious mind (which has always been rare), knowledge of God (formed of course by the specific culture) is more certain than knowledge of one's body or of the chair one sits in.

This basic misapprehension vitiates Mumford's view of "the whole and balanced man." Mumford describes the qualities of this man on the basis of society's needs as he sees them; not as the result of a structure within the person which must fulfill these needs.

Thus, finally, his version is not methodological but romantic. The true person must be structured precisely by the immediate knowledge which Mumford denies. From such knowledge, secondarily, have come the beliefs of religion. When, as in our time, the knowledge fails and the belief remains, it soon degenerates into faiths—faith in Stalin or "democracy" or science—or Hitler.

Lewis Mumford, I feel, is another Moses who leads to and sees the promised land, and cannot reach it. But as a diagnosis and intelligent pointing of the way, his book has great value. And passion makes it eloquent good reading. The brilliance runs over even into the bibliography. Witness the note on Sartre's Existentialism as "a symptom disguised as a system"; or on Toynbee as "a great explorer . . . who returns at last to live on a small (spiritual) pension in his ancestral village, next door to the vicarage."

Threats to a Basic Freedom

LIBERTIES OF THE MIND. By Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 252 pp. $2.75.

By George Woodcock

THE TOTALITARIAN dream of controlling and shaping the mind of man—that dream anticipated by Plato, repeated in the thoughts of Utopian writers for twenty centuries, and at last brought dangerously near fulfillment by the Nazi and Communist experts in mass indoctrination—was bound sooner or later to produce its reaction among whose who regard the freedom of the mind as a basic necessity of human existence. From day to day the number of leading intellectuals who demonstrate their awareness of the urgent need for intellectual liberation is growing steadily. One of these is Charles Morgan.

Mr. Morgan is not one of those writers who come before us as repentent former followers of the mirage in the East, but his testimony, like George Orwell's, is perhaps all the more impressive for the very reason that it appears with none of the sackcloth-and-ashes which have been paraded by so many of those who were formerly duped by the totalitarians of the Left. He speaks as an unpolitical man who has always assumed the traditional status of the unattached artist, but who finds it necessary to become "engaged," with an honest and unguilty indignation, when he sees that those liberties on which his own spiritual world is built are threatened with destruction. I suppose, on reading through these well-argued and sometimes over-elegant essays, with their frank acceptance of a certain luxury as necessary for the writer's own comfort, that it might plausibly be contended that Mr. Morgan's desire for freedom is based on selfish reasons. But why not? For myself, when I see the damage that has been done in our social life by the cold, unselfish idealists, by those who are willing to sacrifice themselves and others for the

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SERVANTS IN FICTION

Blanche McKeown, of Memphis, Tennessee, submits this quiz about these fictional servants who found themselves in situations that were a little off the beaten track, to say the least. Five points for the character, five for the story, and a score of 60 is par, 70 very good, 80 or better excellent. Answers on page 46.

1. This English butler, shipwrecked on a desert island with his master and the master's family, promptly became the leader of the group and the fiancé of one of the daughters.
2. This gentleman's gentleman was won in a poker game by a Westerner with a wife who had social ambitions.
3. A plain second wife discovers that her fiendish housekeeper had been the nurse of the beautiful but depraved first wife.
4. This poor fellow had to care for all the practical details while his master, who considered himself a knight errant, tilted with windmills.
5. A veteran of World War I, down on his luck, goes into service with a fashionable and wacky New York family.
6. This Russian general and his wife, destitute in Paris after the Revolution, go into service with a banker, although the general is the custodian of a fabulous collection of jewels.
7. When this romantic novel-reading servant girl married the hired man, he undertook to cure her of her fantastic notions by honeymooning in an insane asylum.
8. When a gang of thieves plotted to surprise and kill her master by hiding in a bunch of jars, this servant girl saved his life by pouring boiling oil on them.
9. This excellent cook is general keeper of the comforts of a fat, orchid-growing detective.
10. This governess bore herself with dignity through her trial for the murder of her employer, and after her acquittal came to America, where she married a prominent minister.

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sake of abstract systems of thought, I find it a refreshment and a relief to encounter a man who desires freedom because he regards life as worth living in the present, and neither in the future nor the past, and who wishes to live that present life as well as he can.

But it must not be assumed that, because Mr. Morgan makes his defense of freedom from a position somewhat different from that of the orthodox liberal or the disgruntled radical, his arguments are any less potent. On the contrary, he sees clearly the manifold nature of the present-day attempts to mechanize the human mind. He pays some attention to the possibility that scientific methods of controlling thought may already have been used in certain specific instances, such as that of Cardinal Mindszenty. But he realizes that the wider threat lies in propaganda, and in his essay on "The Liberty of Thought" he gives an admirable analysis of the aspects which this process assumes in its attempt to subdue freedom:

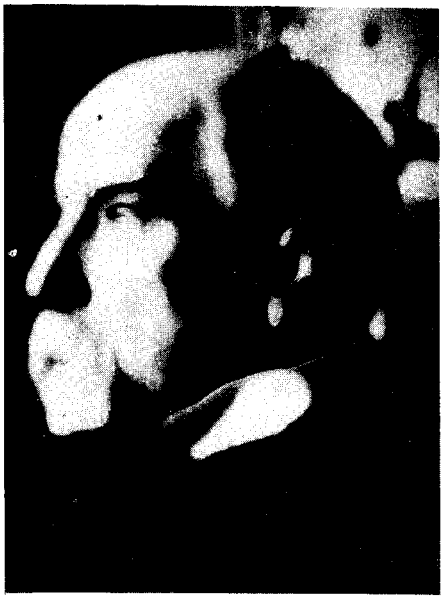
> They take three principal forms: *first,* the teaching of economic fatalism; *second,* the perversion of the idea of equality—the teaching that men are equal, not in the true sense of their being equal before God and before the law, but in the perverse sense of their being equal in their spiritual nothingness and in their subjection to their appetites; *third,* in the triple heresy of violence, chaos, and numbers—the teaching that, in the education of children or the policy of nations, the rule of value is the lust and anger of the mass; that law proceeding from a moral recognition of human dignity and difference is superstitious; that existence is to be regarded as a chaos of unrelated impulse; and, finally, that violence, as an expression of that impulse, is natural, necessary, and desirable. By these three main characteristics—of materialistic fatalism, of equality through appetite, and of violence exalted as a good in itself—the attack upon liberty at its source in the mind may be distinguished.

In his other essays, Mr. Morgan has some illuminating comments on many aspects of this question of threatened liberty. He makes a plea for the ending of intolerance in artistic judgment and, besides exhorting the artist to be tolerant to his fellows, he says to the community as a whole:

> Give the artist freedom that he may discover; preserve yourselves in freedom that you may receive and re-create. Go out and find him. You will recognise a true artist easily enough nowadays, for he will not be wearing a party-badge.

—*Harcourt.*

Charles Morgan—"an admirable analysis."



Henry Adams—"hope of recognition."

At the other end of his range he has some potent things to say against the worship of athletics and the cult of the team spirit in English schools. He writes sympathetically on Maritain, and he discusses the modern situation of the old struggle between classicists and romantics, and tries, not altogether convincingly, to show that they are drawing closer towards a middle way. All in all, Mr. Morgan has been provoked by the urgency of his subject into writing an unusually sound and timely volume of essays which should not be neglected by those who are beginning to realize in their full measure the dangers that beset the modern mind.

George Woodcock, critic and essayist, is the author of "The Paradox of Oscar Wilde," "The Writer in Politics," "The Incomparable Aphra," and other books.

An Inner Yearning

RUNAWAY STAR: A Critical Appreciation of Henry Adams. By Robert A. Hume. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 270 *pp.* $3.75.

By Wayne Andrews

THE FAMOUS members of the House of Adams have not led happy lives. Though John Adams deserves to be remembered through the ages for his fine devotion to the cause of American independence, he was bundled out of the White House at the end of his first term. And if John Quincy Adams was no less of a statesman than his father, he, too, discovered that the American people couldn't stomach more than four years of Adams rule. Even sadder than the career of the first two Adamses was that of John Quincy's grandson Henry, who wrote what most historians today would agree was the greatest of our histories, yet could find no niche for himself in the political world that witnessed both the scandals of the Grant Administration and the notable achievements of Woodrow Wilson.

Those who adore the House of Adams and all of its works may argue that the American people didn't quite deserve the services of so distinguished a family, but sober thinkers can't forget that John Adams could be unbelievably pompous on occasion, and John Quincy unforgivably priggish. As for Henry, he was so positive that the nation owed him the highest honors that he never once attempted to make his own way in politics.

Through the years Americans have suspected, rightly or wrongly, that the Adamses performed their labors less for love than for hope of recognition in their lifetime. Or in other words, that the Adamses, for all their intellectual and moral nobility, worried over their popularity as nervously as any crooner studying his Hooper rating.

This anxiety over election returns and book reviews, this hankering for prestige which soured John Adams's appetite and embittered the pages of John Quincy's diary, robbed Henry of the enjoyment he might have had in contemplating his immortal history of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. Probably no passage in Henry's "Education" is more revealing than his comment on the Chicago World's Fair. "If," he wrote, "the people of the Northwest actually knew what was good when they saw it, they would some day talk about

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Hunt and Richardson, La Farge and Saint Gaudens, Burnham and McKim, and Stanford White, when their politicians and millionaires were otherwise forgotten." As if politicians and millionaires were parasites! As if the architects and artists Adams listed hadn't already basked in glory—perhaps too often for their own good!

To write of Henry Adams without once touching on the subject of his peculiar contempt for businessmen, and without once probing the problem of the tensions of the Adams who had gone before, this is the feat which Robert A. Hume has attempted. Need one add that Hume's criticism is uncritical? Perhaps the kindest thing one can say about "Runaway Star" is that it is dedicated to the curious proposition that every line the master wrote was sublime. To be more truthful, it reads like nothing more than a collection of quotations from first-, second-, and third-rate authorities with the courage to set down their convictions on Adams, which is something Hume does his best to avoid.

Readers of this "appreciation" are likely to be baffled as to the exact nature of Henry Adams's contribution to American history, for unlike William Jordy, who carefully defines in a recent issue of *The American Quarterly* the aims of Adams as opposed to those of Parkman, Hume fails to convey any idea of the state of American historical writing in 1891, the year in which the last of the nine volumes on Jefferson and Madison appeared; there is no hint of the magnificent survey of American life in the opening chapters of Adams's masterpiece, and, of course, no suggestion of the book's inevitable limitations.

Many admirers of Adams's famous

(*Continued on page 36*)

Fiction. *It is indicative of the size of the contribution of native Americans to our contemporary fiction reading that it should be worthy of comment that all of the six major novels reviewed this week come from authors born outside our borders. From Great Britain there is another polished tour de force by Henry Green, "Party Going." Brazil's ablest man of letters, Erico Verissimo, should widen his American following with a historical novel, "Time and the Wind." Hungary's enormously popular Ferenc Körmendi has a highly readable tale of refugees in London, "Years of the Eclipse." Canada's Mazo de la Roche, whose Jalna stories have been American household favorites for the last quarter of a century, offers the mixture as before in "Renny's Daughter." One of the ablest talents to be heard of in Germany since Hitler is Albrecht Goes, author of a novelette, "Unquiet Night." A native of Poland who still writes in Yiddish after forty years' residence in the United States is Sholem Asch, whose "Moses" continues his ambitious Biblical tapestry.*

Waiting for the Fog to Lift

PARTY GOING. By Henry Green. New York: The Viking Press. 255 pp. $3.

By Walter Havighurst

THIS NOVEL is in Mr. Green's lighter vein. It is another comedy showing the life of the idle and sophisticated, this time in pre-austerity London. The war and the welfare state are still in the future when a group of young Londoners meet at the station to board the train for a channel port. They are going to southern France for a holiday.

Mr. Green makes a novel out of material that would be but a chapter for another writer. From their various backgrounds these people come through a deepening fog to the station. For four restless and revealing hours they wait. When the fog lifts his novel is done.

"Party Going" is a Restoration comedy, underlaid with psychological constraints and antagonisms. The story is an elaborate battle of the sexes: Max Adey being pursued by Amabel while he is pursuing Julia, Robin Adams being baited by Angela until she has sufficiently established her claim over him, Alex realizing that women are always more powerful than men. The only male victory is achieved by Robert Hignam, who exasperates the women by his absence; he ducked into the hotel bar early in the story and stayed there till the end.

These wary little struggles go on in a hotel room where the rich can wait away from the milling crowd in the station below. It is the end of day, and thousands of plain people are as anxious to get home as Max Adey's party is to begin their holiday. It pleases the party-goers to look down on the mob in the murky light. And like Restoration comedy we have some glimpses of life below stairs. In the crowded station the man-servants, left with the luggage, do their own bickering and hankering. Their idiom is different from their employers', but that is all.

Mr. Green's interest is in what brings people to do what they are doing. Here they are doing nothing except being wary of each other and seeking subtle advantages of standing. There is a kind of brilliance in the novel, and what does it light up? It lights up not a way of living but the ways in which these people confuse each other and themselves.

> Miss Crevy would have been surprised to learn that Amabel classed her equally with the others and lower, and with contempt as being more out for a free trip abroad because she could less afford to go if she was not taken. Amabel was a money snob. So that Amabel's silence, which Angela in her ignorance might call poise, was no more than wariness colored by distaste for her own sex.

Mr. Green can be trusted to treat all his people with freshness and accuracy. He sketches complex relationships and complications within character; his dialogue reveals tensions and temperaments. With a cool surgical hand he probes the natures of his people. In these trivial and irksome hours of waiting for the fog to lift and the trains to run, he tells all there is to know about this part.

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Deep Brazilian Roots

TIME AND THE WIND. By Erico Verissimo. Translated by L. L. Barrett. New York: The Macmillan Co. 624 pp. $4.95.

By Herschel Brickell

THIS IS a full-bodied historical novel in the best traditions of the type, sound in its factual background, peopled with living men and women, well-written and well-translated, and packed with exciting reading.

Its author is already one of the best-known of living South American men of letters, three of whose previous novels have been published in this country, in addition to an excellent outline of the history of the literature of his native land.

Senhor Verissimo was born in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, in the southernmost part of Brazil, once known, and with reason, as the "Continente," a vast, wild territory with a fascinating history not very well known in South America, and known hardly at all among us. But land and people should be easily recognizable to readers here because of their striking resemblance to our own Southwest in its pioneer period.

In its breadth and scope this chronicle of two families, the Terras and the Cambarás, over a period of several generations, challenges comparison with Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks," and the work of the Brazilian stands up well alongside the fine novel of the German master, who is himself half-Brazilian.

Senhor Verissimo has his own roots deep in the country of which he writes with so much color and understanding. He was born in Cruz Alta, which figures prominently in the story, and has lived for years in Pôrto Alegre, where he is head of a successful publishing house. The very feel of the land and its people is in every page, and over everything is the ineffable sadness that is so characteristic of the Brazilians.

The action of the story is framed by a siege of a great house in Santa Fe, called The Sobrado, and moves forward in seven chapters, which alternate with flashbacks, but so well does the author manage this complicated technique that the many threads

—*Jacket design for "Time and the Wind."*

which are woven into the narrative never become confused in the reader's mind, no mean accomplishment in itself.

The early peoples of the Continente fought the Spaniards for years and later the Paraguayans. Between times they fought each other over politics with all-out savagery, so that death was as omnipresent in the land as the wind that helps to give the novel its title. Later settlers, like the Germans and Italians, shed their blood, too, on many a far-flung battlefield.

But it is not merely that Senhor Verissimo had at his disposition such a wealth of rich material, it is that he has laid upon his history the transmuting touch of the creative artist, and a creative artist of deep and wide erudition, who never fails to write thoughtfully and maturely of his scene and its people.

In the Continente, men were supposed to be *machos*—males—and the women were supposed to bear their children, besides keeping their houses, and awaiting with patience their returns from the beds of their mixed-breed mistresses, or the battlefield. But life is never just this simple, and Senhor Verissimo's men are no more types than his women; they live and love and fight and scheme like people of all times and all places.

This reviewer is not much given to superlatives, but he does not hesitate at all to say that "Time and the Wind" is as fine a novel as Latin America has yet produced at any time. Also, it makes most contemporary fiction written in this country seem pale, thin, and shallow indeed.

Herschel Brickell served for several years as cultural relations officer at the United States Embassy in Colombia. During the Second World War he edited the anthology "What the South Americans Think of Us."

Two Refugee Groups

YEARS OF THE ECLIPSE. By Ferenc Körmendi. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 352 pp. $3.50.

By Charles Lee

READING this absorbing story of life in London during World War II one can easily understand the European popularity of its Hungarian author. Mr. Körmendi is a lively narrator. His book tumbles with incidents, his skill in dialogue is notable, his political awareness illuminating. He has a fine eye for the dramatic; he tethers life and death, comedy and tragedy, and history and prophecy with facility and flash.

His book dovetails the lives of six Hungarian refugees, dislocated from their homeland for various reasons, and draws them together temporarily by their mutual fears, poverty, hopes, hates, and insecurity. The rapid shifts in focus will fascinate those who like multiple story-telling; others will feel a loss of impact in the hectic diffuseness of the technique. But though there may be quarrels about the emotional power of Mr. Körmendi's novel, none will deny its vividness.

The six characters divide into two groups, one inspired by social and democratic impulses, the other by greed and power.

Undoubtedly, John Halas, a former history teacher who just didn't like living next door to Hitler, is the author's own mouthpiece. Halas is dialectically equipped to cross verbal swords with totalitarians of the right and the left. A member of the Civil Defense first-aid organization, he is a civil defender on intellectual levels as well. That his personal love-life is a series of immature affairs is a paradoxical part of his reality as a fictional character. But thorough integration seems implicit as he moves toward a new life at story's end.

Stephen Barabas and Paul Rona are both Jews, and again it is to the author's credit that he does not merely create stereotypes. Barabas, a volunteer paratrooper, has to wait until the war is over before experiencing his most perilous mission: getting his mother out of his now Russian-controlled homeland.

Rona will dissatisfy some readers by reason of his psychopathic infatuation with the provocative but unknown lady who lives across the street from him. He is the man of fear as Halas is the man of good-will and Barabas the man of action. How his strange assortment of tensions and terrors is finally dissolved (partly

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in violent relationship with Halas) makes for some of the most moving passages in the book.

The power-driven egos of Andrew Clement, a cynical scoundrel faintly touched by charm, and Margaret Dobay, whose insatiable ambition carries her to dizzy heights, are flamboyant flaws in the social fabric. Again Mr. Körmendi reveals his shrewdness by dealing with Margaret's rise to riches with the criticism of comedy; even corruption can have its funny side.

But corruption on the scale championed by Leslie Simor, fanatical Communist, is another matter. True, Halas enjoys some moments of sardonic humor observing Simor's hysterical acrobatics on the Party-line following the announcement of the Soviet-Nazi pact of August 1939, but he recognizes the gigantic danger behind the tricks. War, he says to Simor on one occasion, "is an eclipse in the life of mankind. But if years of eclipse are the alternative to succumbing to dictatorship and terror, let there be war. I don't mind dying in defending myself, but I do mind being a coward or a moron and meekly waiting for the blow."

"Years of the Eclipse" is one of the better novels of the season. It may be described as a historical novel of World War II as seen from London's refugee world, but it would be wiser to consider its yesterdays alive today. It's a good story. It's a better lesson.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 431

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 431 will be found in the next issue.

AWWQ RIUUWEDSJC JD

PWVVWK, OMY MKPSHKAJKA

HRRIPYJWK JD KWY.

—PUHLIKPI QHN.

Answer to Crypt No. 430

The philosophy of despair has its fantastic adherents.

—MATTHEW WOLL.

Portrait of the Lawgiver

MOSES. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: G. P. Putnams' Sons. 505 pp. $3.75.

By EDMUND FULLER

THE Moses of Sholem Asch is a monolithic figure, and, as that metaphor implies, is as much a creation hewn from stone as one of flesh and blood. This is a matter of conscious choice, on the one hand, and perhaps the compulsions of the material on the other. Moses does not lend himself to the kind of intimate, human study which Mann brings to Joseph, for instance; or which Asch has brought to Paul. The Exodus is an epic. The Moses who leads Israel out of Egypt, a random throng, and through the power of Jehovah hammers it into a nation on the anvil of the wilderness, requires the broad, less personal strokes of epic portraiture.

As we would expect (and I might have said hope) this is a conservative Moses. Asch has worked directly and faithfully from the Old Testament, the "Agada," the "Midrash," and the numerous other sources of extra-Biblical lore. He never uses these additional materials to depart from the line of the second-to-fourth books of the Bible, but merely to enrich them in texture and detail. He imposes no extraneous concepts of his own, adds no novelties, has no truck with Freudian views of Moses. Unlike Mann, with Joseph, Asch does not seek to make this book his personal intellectual vehicle. He is content to celebrate the birth of a people through the patience and power of their leader, teacher, lawgiver.

The only exception is a surprising and anachronistic introduction into Moses's mouth in a final scene with Joshua, of the great "eleventh commandment" of Jesus.

In keeping with the conception defined above, the reader must make a basic adjustment in the first chapters. He will not find an emergent Moses, characterized in the modern way. Moses springs full-panoplied from the court of Pharaoh into a mystic identification with his people through the innate "Hebrew nature in him." This accords with the whole Biblical-traditional-epic approach. It is the same basic acceptance of the happening as stated by scholar Martin Buber in his "Moses". "How did he, who had grown up as an Egyptian at the Egyptian Court, know that the Hebrew slaves were his brethren? We are not told . . . What we have to know is that he 'goes out' from the Royal Court yonder where the despised slaves toil . . ."

Once we have accepted this premise we are caught up swiftly in the sweep of great events. The Exodus and the crossing of the Red Sea are high drama, but slight compared to the long wilderness ordeal, and the awesome apocalyptic experience at Sinai:

> Slaves had streamed forth from Egypt to the mountain; from the mountain a people marched away—the people of Israel: a people equipped with the fundamental laws of a new world order, graced by God with the supreme benediction of election and separation, adorned with the crown of the ten commandments and the book of the covenant.

Great themes mingle here: the mixed blessing and curse of Israel's separatism; and an attempt by Moses, as interpreted by Asch, to modify this by an "all peoples" perspective such as that which Paul promulgated at the dawn of Christianity. There is the failure of the people to rise to their leadership. We are tried, with Moses, by the incorrigible backslidings of his people; their hankering for the fleshpots of Egypt, and the daughters of Moab. We shrink from Jehovah's ruthless smiting in the case of Korah's rebellion and other uprisings. Asch does not seek to mitigate the God of Wrath, who overrules the compassion of Moses, perhaps with the implication that a God of Love can only be understood by a people whose God-concepts are less primitive.

The major drama is Moses's long wrestling-match with Jehovah with its extraordinary, almost family-like intimacy. Here, in one person, we have the growth of a loftier, forward-moving relationship between Man and his Maker, foreshadowed through the visions vouchsafed to Moses of things that are to be. We see the pure hunger and thirst after righteousness, understood as the one source of nourishment for a great nation.

Finally, when we have shared the pangs and travail of Moses through this long pageant, amid such color and scenes as Asch paints with his special mastery, there remains a kind of cleansing. We are led up with Moses onto the mist-shrouded mountain of Pisgah where, shut off from the eyes of Man, according to the tradition nurtured by his people, the servant of Jehovah was eased of the burden of his soul by the kiss of God.

Edmund Fuller, former editor of Crown Publishers, is the author of "Brother Divided," a forthcoming novel

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Of War and Emotions

UNQUIET NIGHT. By Albrecht Goes. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbons. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 122 pp. $2.25.

By Robert Pick

WHILE the crop of German post-war novels has been notoriously poor, a number of long short-stories, and novelettes, have come out which deserve attention. Publishers in this country are averse to printing fiction of that length. Houghton Mifflin are to be congratulated on having overcome that bias to bring this slender work to the American public.

Its author is a Lutheran minister who for five war years did service with the German Army as a chaplain. His obviously autobiographical story is written in the tradition of Heinrich von Kleist, and is in fact related in several respects to the world of that great early nineteenth-century writer: in the directness of its approach, in the economy of its style, in its ambivalent attitude toward the discipline of war, and in its admiration—nostalgic and timid in the case of the latter-day writer—for the standards of the old Prussian officers' caste. The Reverend Mr. Goes leaves no doubt as to his hatred of Nazism and aggression; and there is something in his writing that makes the reader feel that this sentiment is, for once, not a matter of convenient hindsight. His sincerity is such that he does not hesitate at times to put down thoughts and arguments which are not likely to satisfy the more logically inclined. Those thoughts came to him in the course of the horrid experience he here recounts, and he restrains himself from going beyond them now.

Ordered to assist at an execution in an outfit not his own, a chaplain meets an assortment of military men, some abominable, some indifferent, and some plagued by scruples. He decides to study, in the one night left him, the dossier of the young lance corporal who is to be shot at dawn for "betraying military secrets to the enemy" and subsequent desertion. According to military laws (not those of Nazi Germany alone) the man is guilty; but guilt and innocence are words that soon lose their meaning to the pastor.

As it happens, he has to share his one-room billet with a well-bred young Luftwaffe officer who is on his way to encircled Stalingrad. He is no less condemned to death than the deserter. And he asks the pastor for a very special favor indeed: the girl he has loved for a long time is doing service nearby as an army nurse, he has arranged a meeting with her, and would the pastor mind if the young woman spent the night with him in this room?

That daring turn and the equally daring situation that ensues are treated with great tenderness in Mr. Goes's narrative. At first, the scene looks like an episode intended merely to illustrate the weird changes war may work on people caught in its toils. But as the story reaches its climax, the peculiar nocturnal experience of the chaplain gains its true meaning.

This is a story of Christian love in a world hardly Christian any longer. It is very moving. It is religious writing of a kind that probably comes to life only where religion in its hope for survival has to go back to its sources in man.

Robert Pick's novels include "The Terhoven File" and "Guests of Don Lorenzo." He is now at work on a fictional study of Socrates.

Episode at Jalna

RENNY'S DAUGHTER. By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 376 pp. $3.

By Louise Field Cooper

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the first of the accounts of the Whiteoak family—then, as now, red-haired, high-spirited, and horsey—appeared between the salmon-colored covers of *The Atlantic*. During the intervening years what changes have occurred, in men and novels and magazines, not the least of them that *The Atlantic* has gone in not only for cover-girls but cover-boys! Things are pretty much the same as ever at Jalna, though, and here in "Renny's Daughter" we have the twelfth volume dealing with the Whiteoaks and their aristocratic goings-on, and the end not yet in sight, for Miss De la Roche, past mistress of the dangling thread, is not one to cause Jalna's faithful following a moment's concern over any eventual winding up of Whiteoak affairs. The last few pages of "Renny's Daughter" are bright with promise of more to come—Adeline's father agrees to take her to Ireland in the spring, there to prod up her lover Maitland Fitzturgis, a man as terse as terse can well be, and if anything goes amiss with that romance the reader need not despair of Adeline being left a lovely, withering leaf on the burgeoning family tree, because Fitzturgis has a highly eligible, titled friend named Pat, who isn't terse at all. In the last few pages of "Renny's Daughter" Uncle Finch decides to build a house for himself on some rather massive ruins conveniently located near the old family home and his peace of mind is at

(*Continued on page* 34)

—*Barker's Studio.*

—*Acme.*

Sholem Asch, Albrecht Goes, Mazo de la Roche—varying themes of "thirst after righteousness," "hatred of Nazism," "aristocratic goings-on."

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Personal History.

Two of that small band of literary craftsmen that may be counted on for a biography every year or two offer interesting new specimens of their handiwork this week. Hesketh Pearson, who has made a notable record synthesizing the voluminous scholarly literature about such figures as Charles Dickens and G. B. Shaw into brief and lively compass, now turns his attention to Benjamin Disraeli in "Dizzy." Gene Fowler, who collected anecdotes about such colorful characters as Jimmy Walker and John Barrymore and retailed them in amusing style, gives Jimmy Durante the same treatment in "Schnozzola." The remarkable Gilbreth family has been so industrious in autobiographizing itself that it looks as if we'll soon have a whole shelf devoted to its expoits. Frank, Jr., reports his life in engaging fashion in "I'm A Lucky Guy." Waldo Frank's "Birth of a World," below, is a biography of Bolívar and a study of his influence on the world.

Visions of a Peaceful World

BIRTH OF A WORLD: Bolívar in Terms of His Peoples. By Waldo Frank. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 432 pp. $5.

By Erna Fergusson

WALDO FRANK has performed a real service in giving us an exhaustive biography of one of the greatest Americans, one who has been too little known in the United States. Even his name, Simón Bolívar, is so generally mispronounced in our country that Mr. Frank writes it once with accents to assure its being said correctly. A Venezuelan, Bolívar was an American of wider scope than his native land, even than the Greater Colombia he founded and which, even before his death, had splintered into the uneasy republics of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. The title, "Birth of a World," seems not altogether justified because the world Bolívar envisioned has not come to birth, even in the twentieth century, has indeed been conceived by only the greatest thinkers. More than a century ago Bolívar was pleading for a union of all the Americas that should lead in time to a world federation under which men might live in decent amity and personal freedom. Mr. Frank is fully aware of the magnificence of this conception and of Bolívar's dauntless courage in working for it. The tragic and thrilling tale he tells gains much from its author's wide knowledge of the "lavish and ferocious" lands of South America and his deep understanding of their peoples.

Simón Bolívar was born in 1783 of an aristocratic creole family of Caracas. His parents died when he was young and he was sent to the court of Spain. What Mr. Frank calls "the education of a prince" was offset by his tutor, Simón Rodríguez, a disciple of Rousseau, who gave his pupil a sense of the perfectibility of man and an acquaintance with the liberal thinkers of the day. In Rome the young Bolívar swore: "I will not rest in body or soul until I have broken the chains of Spain." His life thereafter was one of inspired dedication. Mr. Frank writes exhaustively of his hero's disappointments and defeats, the defections of his generals, and the desertion of whole armies. Indeed he so details the vast campaigns that covered half of South America that an unattentive reader might become confused. But his descriptions of Bolívar's fellow revolutionists are lively and revealing. The dry legalistic Colombian Santander "who likes to witness executions," the illiterate Paez who hated to leave his own province, and Sucre, the perfect gentle knight and the only one who never failed.

—Jose bie de Castro.

Simón Bolívar—"a unique genius."

Historians may cavil at Mr. Frank's methods and disagree with his conclusions, but Bolívar was a unique genius facing situations almost inconceivable to a modern North American. Perhaps only this combination of mystical insight and good sense could make him comprehensible. In some cases Mr. Frank excuses acts of Bolívar's that are generally condemned, such as the Liberator's pronouncement of "war to the death" which promised death to all who sympathized with Spain. Unlike North American revolutionists who led people who understood self-government and personal freedom, Bolívar had to rouse and inspire half-naked, Negroid cowboys from the jungles along the Orinoco, Indians from their smoky hovels under the Andean peaks, peons and slaves from the haciendas, and what Mr. Frank calls "the polished class, divided in their devotion to Church or liberalism, but united in love of letters and fine living." This class produced the disloyal leaders as well as those who fought through till death.

Mr. Frank, absorbed in his hero's magnificence of mind and generosity of spirit, slights the dashing cavalier who could outride, outfight, and outendure any of his followers and then —bathed, perfumed, and adorned like a courtier—dance all night. Likewise he minimizes the influence of several women in the Liberator's life.

When Bolívar died in 1830 he seemed to have failed utterly. As he coughed away his last breaths he lay in a house lent by a Spaniard, wearing a borrowed shirt, attended by a few devoted friends, and reviled in most of the lands he had freed. He had prophesied that what he most hoped for his people—freedom—would not come within a century. But he had taken the first step, achieving independence from Spain. "That," he said, "was my role." His longer vision of a free and peaceful world is still far ahead, but what Simón Bolívar stood for can never be lost.

Erna Fergusson is the author of "Dancing Gods," "Guatemala," "Venezuela," "Chile," and other books about Latin America.

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Without Losing His Soul

ACROSS WORLD FRONTIERS. By Thomas W. Lamont. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 287 pp. $3.50.

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

IN SPITE of its misleading title, this is a continuance of Mr. Lamont's book, "My Boyhood in a Parsonage," and has much of the same charm. But it is not the intimate personal record that made the first book so appealing, except in the opening chapters. In these he devotes a few—all too few—pages to the first years out of college (Harvard), early trips to Europe, his spell of newspaper work on the old *New York Tribune,* the nonchalant purchase of a failing import house and building it up into a successful business, and then the casual invitation from J. P. Morgan by which he became a partner in the banking house of Morgan, Drexel & Company. One reader, at least, would have liked more of this period, particularly the history of Lamont, Corliss & Company.

But Mr. Lamont hurries on to his career as a banker and the great part his firm played in financing our allies in the First World War. It is written from a banker's point of view, but a banker of such sympathetic and understanding outlook, observant, tolerant, and with the saving grace of humor, that it casts some new light on a much-written-up period of world history, and the author's simple, lucid narrative style makes it delightful reading. In spite of his inherent modesty we see Mr. Lamont emerging as a diplomat and unselfish public servant. He has eye and ear for vivid descriptions, anecdotes, and character sketches of the world figures he met, with no apparent consciousness he was becoming a world figure himself.

Half the book is given to the Peace Conference — he represented the United States Treasury on the Commission—the long, bitter fight over the Covenant and the League of Nations, its final rejection by the Congress, and the aftermath. There, alas, the book ends. For five months he worked with unfailing patience and tact to bring President Wilson's great conception to fruition. He admired Wilson, believed in his dream, but saw only too plainly that the President's stubbornness, his refusal to confer with or accept advice from his associates, or to compromise on the controversial Article X, would result in its defeat. But he did not feel that Wilson alone was to blame, nor Senator Lodge, for that matter. He points sadly to the apathy that fell on this country after the war, its distaste for Europe and all foreign relations. There was no popular demand for the League. Read in the light of what we know today some of this account has ironic significance. It puts the period in a new perspective. But the finest thing that comes out of this book is Tom Lamont himself.

Here is a man, a minister's son, with a typically American boyhood—as he has told so happily—who rises to enviable heights in finance, diplomacy, and public service without losing his soul, his sympathy with and understanding of his fellowmen, no matter how much he disagreed with them. It is a good thing we have these two records of a fine, unselfish, constructive life, not so much for the historical record as for the life it portrays. Lamont died in 1948 while working on this book. It was prepared for publication by his wife and son, who gave it the title it bears. And the amazing thing about his career is that he was never what is known as a "go-getter." He merely did whatever job he had to do so well that it was noticed and he was asked to come up higher. If you have not read the boyhood book, begin with it and thus get a complete picture of the man.

Earnest Elmo Calkins, author of several books, founded Calkins & Holden, often called "the first modern advertising agency."

Artist-Statesman

DIZZY. By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Bros. 310 pp. $4.

By R. Ellis Roberts

THE family name was just Israeli or in English of the day, "Jew." Isaac, father of the Jew who was to be one of England's most remarkable statesmen, altered his surname to D'Israeli: and later the statesman son dropped the apostrophe and became Disraeli, and to his friends and enemies, Dizzy. It was almost accidentally that Benjamin Disraeli became eligible for Parliament; for born in 1804 he had as a Jew no possible political future—as a Jew by faith, that is—England never had any racial laws. Isaac, one of the great book-lovers of his age, hardly second even to Dibdin or to Robert Southey, could not be bothered about his religious duties; and finally for his neglect he was read out of the synagogue. He had no intention of adhering to any other church; but a friend, Sharon Turner, persuaded him to have his four children baptized. Benjamin was then twelve: and all his life was a firm believer in an alliance between church and state. Without it, he said, "the state is merely an affair of the police-office, the tax-gatherer, and the guard-room."

The chief merit of Mr. Pearson's monograph is his emphasis on the fact that Disraeli—and here he is solitary among English Prime Ministers—was not only an artist; but that he believed the arts were more important than politics, even than world politics. He was not a great novelist, scarcely a good novelist. He had great wit and an uncanny knack for epigram, but in all his novels, from "Vivian Grey" to "Endymion" there are no human beings except the author and, in portrait, caricatured or friendly, some of the great figures of the day. It is one of the queerest facts in literary history that this man of great genius, who wrote before he was thirty "read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory," could not write convincingly about human character; even the biography of his friend, George Bentinck, is a failure as a biography, though of value as history. He was, I suppose, too busy living life to record it, too occupied in producing

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R. Ellis Roberts at one time was literary editor of The New Statesman *and* Time and Tide *of London.*

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The Horizons of A Mind

TOWNSEND SCUDDER

"WHAT are you doing now?" Emerson asked. "Do you keep a journal?" That day young Thoreau made his first entry.

But what he began keeping was not strictly a journal. He himself puzzled over a definition. "Might not my Journal be called 'Field Notes'?" he asked. "My journal is that of me which would else spill over and run to waste, gleanings from the field which in action I reap," he explained in it. "It is a leaf which hangs over my head in the path. I bend the twig and write my prayers on it; then letting it go, the bough springs up and shows my scrawl to heaven . . . The crow, the goose, the eagle carry my quill, and the wind blows the leaves as far as I go. Or, if my imagination does not soar, but gropes in slime and mud, then I write with a reed."

His journal became his collector's pack in which to carry home his observations. "A journal," he also wrote, "shall contain a record of all your joy, your ecstasy."

Besides the pleasure he found in writing it, Thoreau quickly availed himself of its practical uses. It presently became a storehouse for the mass of scientific data which his interest in everything that moved or grew led him to collect. These botanical descriptions or ornithological measurements were the by-products of his walks and river excursions, of his observation of each day throughout the year. "How indispensable all these experiences to make up the summer!" he wrote of the first waterlily. But he seemed never quite certain to what actual use to put this scientific by-product. He included very little of it in anything he published.

More significantly, Thoreau discovered in the expansion and revision of his journal the laboratory in which to develop and test his writing. The record of an incident, scribbled in pencil by sunlight, or in the dusk of the woods, or by moonlight on the river or fields, became the starting point. Tomorrow he would review this note and add what was omitted before—often the most significant part. "The men and things of today are wont to be fairer and truer by tomorrow's memory." Thereafter, when the time arrived — Thoreau explains — these total jottings were winnowed into lectures, then from lectures into essays. And presently, within his lifetime, they formed the basis of the only books which came direct from his hand—the "Week" and "Walden."

There is enough left in the "Journal" for several more.

This method of composition may have been laborious, but for Thoreau it was also pleasure. It allowed him to renew himself. It helped carry him to the top of his power. Disconnected thoughts, he found, when brought into juxtaposition, beget fresh thoughts and open up whole new fields.

As for the actual journal itself, it grew till it filled thirty-nine volumes with manuscript. As eventually printed in 1906, the journal occupies fourteen volumes—no mean display of intellectual and physical industry. The same publishers who brought them out then, some forty-five years after Thoreau's death, have reprinted them now after another forty-five years. They have thus performed a service not only to American letters but to the whole record of American life. Unlike the numerous recurring editions of "Walden" and of Thoreau's other familiar writings, the sets of the original issue of the "Journal" have long since been tucked away in private and public libraries. There they have become pretty much the exclusive property of special users: devotees like the members of the Thoreau Society (an informal organization—states its charter—of several hundred followers of the life and works of Thoreau), other initiates (newspapermen, doctors, lawyers, professors, or just people), and college

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THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by Bradford Torrey and Francis H. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 14 vols. $35.

Townsend Scudder, professor of English at Swarthmore College, is the author of "Emerson and Some Englishmen," "Concord: American Town," and other books. He contributed the chapter on Thoreau to "The Literary History of the United States."

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students. These last, especially those in the graduate schools, cannot be counted necessarily fortunate. Too often an assignment sends the hapless scholar on some such quest as tracing "the influence of the 'Bhagavad-Gita' " without inquiry into what it meant to Thoreau.

FOR the present reissue of the "Journal," the publishers have called on Henry Seidel Canby to write a foreword. Something new was needed to balance Bradford Torrey's original introduction (also included) which in its loving condescension speaks for half a century ago, when the descriptive phrase, "the hermit of Walden," seemed inclusive and adequate. Mr. Canby's excellent comments bring the thinking up to date.

If not presuming, it might here be suggested that for the reader who has not explored the complete "Journal," the index, covering one hundred pages at the end of the fourteenth volume, furnishes a useful guide. Take the heading, Indians. All readers of "The Maine Woods" have met Joe Polis. With the help of the index, search through the "Journal" and you will have at least an approximation of that book on Indians Thoreau several times remarked he would like to write. Or, the other way round, look under Love and Friendship and you will find much of the matrix of that essay within the "Week" which forms one of its notable features. Under Rivers there is material for several companion volumes, covering not a week but Thoreau's lifetime.

Thoreau's remarks on books are probably better explored in the "Week," and especially in "Walden," because best ordered in the latter volume. But many interesting observations on his reading never found their way into what he published.

Why did Thoreau fail to make more books out of his journal? For one thing, what he published did not sell—in marked contrast to what has happened since. For another, in his forty-fourth year he was still occupied with living, occupied with recording what he saw and heard and thought and felt, when, to the amazed sorrow of his friends, he died.

There may be stretches in the "Journal," particularly those taken up by Thoreau's scientific data, which many readers will prefer to skip. As one browses through the volumes one develops one's knack at getting the most out of them. Here, on page 468 of volume II, is that often wrongly attributed remark, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear." Or one may stumble on a passage like this—typical, also of Thoreau. "Somebody shut the cat's tail in the door just now, and she made such a caterwaul as has driven two whole worlds out of my thoughts. I saw unspeakable things in the sky and looming in the horizon of my mind, and now they are all reduced to a cat's tail. Vast films of thought floated through my brain, like clouds pregnant with rain enough to fertilize and restore a world, and now they are all dissipated."

It is through his role of inspector of snowstorms, far traveler in Concord afoot or afloat, that Thoreau finds most of what he gives permanence to. But though full of woods and fields and streams, the "Journal"—as any reader can see—contains far more about mankind than Thoreau's early editors gave him credit for. Several companion pieces to "Civil Disobedience" could have been written-constructively, too, on topics like schools or civic betterment. As for people, there's Mary Moody Emerson, on his own level of culture: "the wittiest and most vivacious woman that I know . . . It is perhaps her greatest praise . . . that she, more surely than any other woman, gives her companion occasion to utter his best thought." And at the other end of the scale, there are the hunters and trappers. Sometimes he helped one-eyed John Goodwin, the fisherman, gather his winter's supply of driftwood from the river: "It was a beautiful evening, and a clear amber sunset lit up all the eastern shores; and that man's employment, so simple and direct—though he is regarded by most as a vicious character—whose whole motive was so easy to fathom— thus to obtain his winter's wood—charmed

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—*From "Men of Concord."*

Thoreau—". . . inspector of snowstorms, far traveler in Concord afoot or afloat."

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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The Way to Make Peace

ONE OF the journalists at the San Francisco Peace Conference after watching the behavior and the forbidding countenances of Mr. Gromyko and his Polish and Czechoslovak allies remarked that they were already as out of date as the unlamented tycoons in American industry before the managerial revolution. It was impossible for them to appeal in any intelligent or seductive manner to the delegates from forty-nine countries who had one simple idea in their heads, however they appeared to differ with each other on a great many details. That conception was stated in nine words: "The way to make peace is to make peace." All the Russian group could offer was a threat; they called the pact with Japan a warmonger's peace, inferring that the only way left open to Russia to make peace with the world was first to make war to enforce their terms on crushed and conquered peoples. This monstrous dialectical absurdity convinced no one who can discriminate truth from error; it was a conception stultifying to reason or progress whether in democratic or totalitarian countries.

There have been other international occurences recently which might indicate that the tide has turned, at least to an optimist who does not believe in the imminent downfall of mankind, or in that hackneyed phrase, "the extinction of all life on earth." There are several definitions of optimism besides "all is for the best in the best of possible worlds," and one of them is the belief that reality is essentially good. We are now creating several realities; one is our peace with Japan and our intention to make peace as soon as possible with Germany, Italy, and Austria; others are the success, however limited, of the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic and Pacific defense pacts, rearmament against aggression, and the continuance of the United Nations as a force leading to peace and world government. Our opponents' realities are the increasing poverty of the East, the revival of nationalism, revolution, and aggression. Their propaganda in almost every sphere is as demonstrably false as it is repetitious, and it must increasingly appear to be so unless the human mind has lost its power to listen and to reason throughout a large part of the world. It cannot be proved that the repetition of a lie over any considerable length of time can establish it as the truth.

Gromyko and his two stooges stood in San Francisco in a glaring light that revealed them for what they were, inept, uncreative, and stolid, with minds that had no elasticity, that can only improvise against the West threats, and tricks that, however annoying or dangerous, are often beneath contempt. They would not be so formidable if Stalinism did not appeal to the millions who have been thwarted through the years, who need a new perspective, new impulses, the hope of arising from poverty and despair. While enlightening them of the depth of their poverty the colonial policies of the West failed to give them the hope for a resurrection which Communism has provided, though through that door there is only the immediate prospect of bloodshed, tyranny, and starvation. The immemorial tranquility of the Orient, its benign philosophy and religions are disintegrating, perhaps for a generation, and how menacing this will be to the East and to us only the future can tell.

In Lewis Mumford's forthcoming book, "The Conduct of Life," which is deeply concerned with that ancient question, "What shall we do to be saved?" he writes, "Both in the individual personality and in a culture as a whole, the nature of disintegration is to release impulses of aggression and expressions of antagonism that were, during the period of development, sufficiently held in check to be innocuous, indeed in some degree servicable to humanity." Though this conception may be applied in a measure to democratic societies which have endured in half a century two wars of aggression, and are attempting to arm against a third, Mr. Mumford adds, "The transformation of hate and aggression into kindness, of destruction into life-furthering activities, depends upon discovering the formative principle that prevails during the period of growth and development." He believes also that the transformation of a benign personality into a belligerent one is one of the frequent aspects of senile decay.

THESE sentences are worth contemplating, for the reader may ask whether it is the West, or Russia and the East, that is exhibiting impulses of aggression and antagonism, and consequently evidences of senile decay. These manifestations are now evident in both hemispheres, but it has certainly developed from Russian intransigence and imperialism, and the West has to some extent adopted a method of defiance in self-protection, for reasons that are based on that unhappy truism that a power vacuum leads directly to invasion and war. What nations are attempting to transform hate into kindness and destruction into life-furthering activities? Unless you are a dedicated Communist, the answer in all truth must be America, the British Empire, Western Europe, and our allies elsewhere. Which half of the world is exhibiting the traces of decay of which Mr. Mumford writes? The San Francisco Conference is one answer, and let us hope that the same answer will soon be heard in other conferences around the world. The speeches of the representatives of forty-nine states were written by men who believed in peace and many of them in some form of world government. From Ceylon to New Zealand and Turkey they showed their devotion to a new idea that the way toward peace was to make peace as rapidly as possible and to adjust differences later. There was an exultant ring in their voices of which there was no echo in Gromyko's heavy and menacing accents and in the stale old threats and beliefs of which they were the echo.

The way of life and peace is the way of freedom, and time is moving faster than one thinks. The tyrants, the aggressors, and the men who lust for global conquest are not new to our world. From Gengis Khan to Napoleon and Hitler, who prophesied a thousand years of Fascism, they have gone their way and have left only ruins behind. There was no lasting hope for the common people in them, and there is neither health nor freedom nor life in the sterile creeds based on false economic and political theories, and on the lies and hatred which will continue to pour out from the arsenal of Communism until the common sense of the world's people has finally brought them to an end. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Viereck and *The Nation*

SIR: Thank you for Peter Viereck's warning against the non-Communist menace ["Sermons of Self-Destruction," *SRL* Aug. 18]. I was brought face to face with my own superior attitude, saw my intellectual-snob reflection in every line of Viereck's indictment of the Lumpen-intellectual.

DOROTHY H. KIRCHNER.

Anaheim, Calif.

SIR: I am afraid Mr. Viereck's observations in the United States cover a very limited area. He passes off the matter of lynchings by saying they *only occur about once a year*. He fails utterly to mention the fact that every day in every year millions of Americans live under the shadow of Jim Crowism, being told where they can sit, where they can walk, which part of the railroad station they can use, and on and on.

Mr. Viereck speaks of lynchings occurring in outlying provinces, which is a clear evidence of his own provincialism and limited observation. The terrible riots in Detroit, Michigan, and in Cicero, Illinois, did not occur in outlying provinces.

I think also your readers have a right to ask whether Mr. Viereck is a Roman Catholic. He does not tells us what happens to liberal Roman Catholics or how effective they are allowed to be. I hope this article will be balanced by another and that at a very early date.

E. M. CONOVER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Viereck is undoubtedly a very serious anti-Communist and also a serious crusader for a cause. But some of us equally serious Americans can't helping feeling some anxiety when in a moment of forgetfulness he says, almost on the run, "But results not intentions may perhaps help us lose World War III through the intellectual defection of key atomic scientists." There isn't even the courteous "if" World War III comes in the above sentence. Does he assume that it is all set, World War III, and perhaps IV, etc.? It had seemed to me that most Americans still hope that a peaceful way can be found to settle the world's problems. Only very recently General MacArthur, a soldier who ought to know something about this, said that modern war is so terrible that both victor and vanquished are the losers. Will Mr. Viereck not settle for anything less than an atomic war?

Why give up hopes and positions not yet lost? I trust that the modern Machiavelli of the academic coteries won't think me too naive for still hoping.

ROBERT HOPKINS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Among Mr. Viereck's "Lumpen-intelligentsia" evidently belong men like Einstein, Nehru, Etienne Gilson, Arnold Toynbee, Justice William O. Douglas, Walter Lippmann, and others of the same stature. None of these people—in fact, no one in his right senses and with a right heart—is likely to favor the Soviet terror, to condone the Lubjanka and the concentration camps, or to minimize the danger of an expansion of such a regime. None of them is anti-American. None of them denies that we should be on our guard. All of them, however, are deeply concerned about the present trend of our foreign policy, and about the ascendancy of the strictly military point of view in this country. All of them, I believe, are in agreement about the fact that a third world war, which Mr. Viereck seems to be taking for granted and taking rather lightly, would mean the ruin of our civilization. With all of these people, then, it is not a question of whether or not to oppose the spread of Russian terror and *Gleichschaltung*, but of *how*, of the right methods for doing so.

It is a saddening experience to see a magazine that once printed Norman Cousins's manifesto, "Modern Man is Obsolete," lend itself to the publication of an article as hypocritical, indeed frivolous, as is Mr. Viereck's.

ERICH KAHLER.

Princeton, N. J.

SIR: Peter Viereck's article is so inextricably interwoven a fabric of acute truth and exaggerated misrepresentation that it is difficult to comment on it. But against one of his statements I must protest, and that is his charge that *The Nation*'s (I presume he means Paul Blanshard's) articles on the Roman Catholic Church and its profound antagonism to secular liberalism and democracy had the object of "perhaps distracting attention from the real menace, Soviet Russia, by scaring its readers with the Elders of Rome."

Blanshard knows as well as Viereck does that individuals within the church ignore or evade that antagonism, and he has never attacked individuals, but only the avowed philosophy that would silence them also if it had the power, and does silence their analogues where it has the power. Nor is "Catholic baiting" (though I deny that *The Nation* has ever indulged in Catholic baiting) "the anti-Semitism of the highbrows." Anti-Semitism is hatred of a *people;* opposition to theological obscurantism is hatred of a *system*. There are those of us who feel deeply that a religious tyranny is as terrible a menace as an economic or political one can be, and that if the Vatican has no slave laborers, forced confessions, or (present-day) bloody purges to display, neither has it at present the temporal power to create such horrors.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

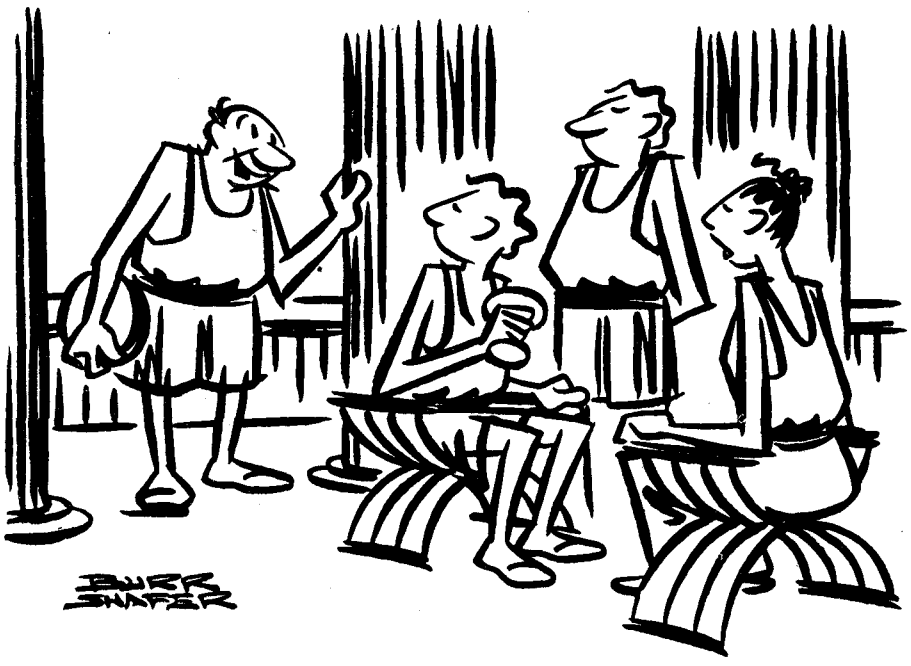
SIR: Permit me to thank you for Peter Viereck's article. It has helped me to be less confused, which is an achievement these foggy days.

AMY H. GUTMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: After you performed the distinguished service in behalf of international understanding by carrying the penetrating dialogue between Norman Cousins and Pandit Nehru in your pages, I am dumbfounded to read the diatribe by Peter Viereck.

For you to stoop to name calling by pinning the label of "fellow-traveler"



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Anyone for discus throwing?"

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on so responsible journals as the British *New Statesman and Nation* and the American *Nation!* This is the kind of prejudiced writing (Stalinoid, Lumpen-intellectuals) which I would expect in any of the Luce publications. Have we come to the state where our minds are incapable of reading critical journals without seeing red? Peter Viereck's article is so biased it can hardly be answered without commiting the same sin of losing one's reason.

CLYDE M. ALLISON.

Hatboro, Penna.

SIR: I should like seriously to suggest that Mr. Viereck re-examine the nature of the responsibility which must be assumed by every writer whose works may, by their nature and by the station of the writer, be considered as opinion-forming.

PHILLIP HILDRETH.

Tucson, Ariz.

SIR: In all these discussions with charges and countercharges, the most important feature is consistently overlooked, namely: the *only* thing we can control is our own actions and utterances. We quite properly loathe Russian Communism and give no support to the present Russian regime. Our ranting against it and preoccupation with its evils is not going to change it. The injustices and cruelties of the dictatorships are equally loathsome and we do support these. Our actions over which we have control are keeping dictators in power and restoring to power Nazis whose methods paralleled those of today's Russia.

We proclaim and think we are better than other countries. It therefore behooves us to be more exercised over the evils in our own country than over those in others. The fact that some of us criticize sore spots here does not necessarily imply, as some people seem to think, that we approve of the sore spots in other countries. But we can do something to remedy our own and need to pay attention to them.

HELEN S. EATON.

Braintree, Mass.

SIR: I heartily second Peter Viereck's appeal that true liberals should come to the support of those periodicals that are waging a fight against totalitarianism of all shades.

As a reader of *The New Leader*, I urge all liberals who have not made its acquaintance and are not infected with the virus of the "false equation" or Orwellian "double-think," to sample this courageous and inspiring fighter for freedom.

Mr. Viereck neglected to mention in his article that *The New Leader* is also being sued by *The Nation*. No doubt *The Nation*, knowing of *The New Leader's* financial difficulties, felt that it could be intimidated from publishing the facts of the Greenberg case by the threat of a costly libel suit. *The New Leader* has made an appeal for contributions to offset its operating deficit and to build up a war chest to fight *The Nation's* suit. I am sure that any contribution your readers would care to make to *The New Leader* would be greatly appreciated.

MYLES REN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: If I were one of those dogmatic souls who announce the suspension of his subscription upon reading an article that goes against the grain, I should quit quickly after reading the lamentable performance of Peter Viereck. I feel that this emotional blurb has no place in the pages of the *SRL*, and I protest particularly the attack on the integrity of *The Nation*. I can get this sort of thing without the fancy phrases in my local paper. You owe a debt to fair play to turn your pages over to the victims of Viereck's diatribe so that they can make him out the ass that he is, and also absolve yourself of your responsibility in the matter. After all, free opinion, though a necessary and fine thing, does not necessitate giving a serious platform to a foolish arrogance and intemperate emotionalism.

EARL KARR.

Saline, Mich.

SIR: Peter Viereck refers to the neutralist attitude of *The New Statesman & Nation*, of London, and mentions my effort (unsuccessful) to get them to publish a communication.

I think it would have been more gracious if he had noted the role of *The New Republic* in this affair, particularly as he cites four so-called "liberal" American periodicals as effective in combatting pro-Soviet neutralism, and omits *The New Republic*. Of course Mr. Viereck is entitled to his own choice. Yet it was *The New Republic* which published my attack on *The New Statesman* and continued the transatlantic controversy with pieces by Michael Straight and me.

I have believed this repudiation of the London magazine's neutralism and poisonous anti-Americanism was peculiarly effective because it came from the left-wing *New Republic*.

RICHARD STROUT.

Washington, D. C.

Willa Cather and the Pulitzer

SIR: That was an amusing quote in TRADE WINDS [*SRL* Aug. 18] concerning Pulitzer Prize winners and non-winners; but Mr. Cerf should know, even if Kirgo Books doesn't, that Willa Cather's name does not belong in the list of non-winners. Miss Cather was awarded the prize for fiction in 1922 for "One of Ours." Since this book was one of her poorest—on the same level as "Lucy Gayheart" and "Sapphira"—Mr. Kirgo's point is still valid in principle. The worthlessness of the Pulitzer Prize is well illustrated in the case of Miss Cather. Our finest novelist wins the award for her poorest book, whereas her masterpiece, "A Lost Lady," published the next year, was passed over.

LUCY J. BECKER.

Aurora, Colo.

"Television with a Conscience"

SIR: May I commend you and Senator Benton on the excellent article "Television with a Conscience" ([*SRL* Aug. 25], so factually and theoretically rewarding to read. Unfortunately, his remedies seem almost Utopian considering the few voices raised for good programs in contrast with those in favor of communication to the hilt.

BURTON LOLLI.

New York, N. Y.

Animals to the Slaughter

SIR: After being goaded to it week after week, issue after issue, I am finally driven to protest. *SRL's* continuing recommendation of the movies "The Brave Bulls" and "The Bullfighter and the Lady" as glorifying the "philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport." I, and I believe most decent Americans, do not see philosophy or art, certainly not sportsmanship, in tormenting a noble animal before it is slaughtered as a spectacle to arouse the blood lust of thousands of spectators; to say nothing of disemboweling several helpless old horses in the proceedings. Can't we like Ernest Hemingway for his good points without all becoming lovers of bull fighting?

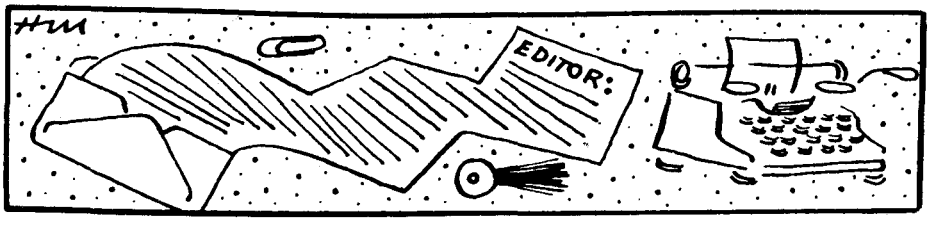
ELIZABETH W. KINGSBURY.

Auburndale, Mass.

The Perils of Browsing

SIR: In her letter about bookshop browsing [*SRL* Aug. 25] Elisabeth McLaughlin, it seems to me, writes from a too-exclusive point of view—the point of view (I judge from her letter) of the literate and fastidious person belonging to a class that is being rapidly diminished in numbers by a most unpleasing form of attrition. She appears to make, too, the unwarranted assumption that Boston and cities of comparable size are representative of the whole country, a characteristically Boston point of view.

It is difficult not to sympathize with her resentment, for it is unquestionable that there has been deterioration in the amenities of bookshops, especially in the larger cities. But it is hardly probable that this deterioration has been greater than in other kinds of shops, or in humanity at large. Bookselling has indeed become more "commercial" than in the old days, mostly because of the pressure of new and onerous economic conditions which the older bookseller experienced hardly at all. It is now, because of the emergence of book clubs, certain discriminatory practices on the part of publishers, almost prohibitive postal charges, and dispropor-



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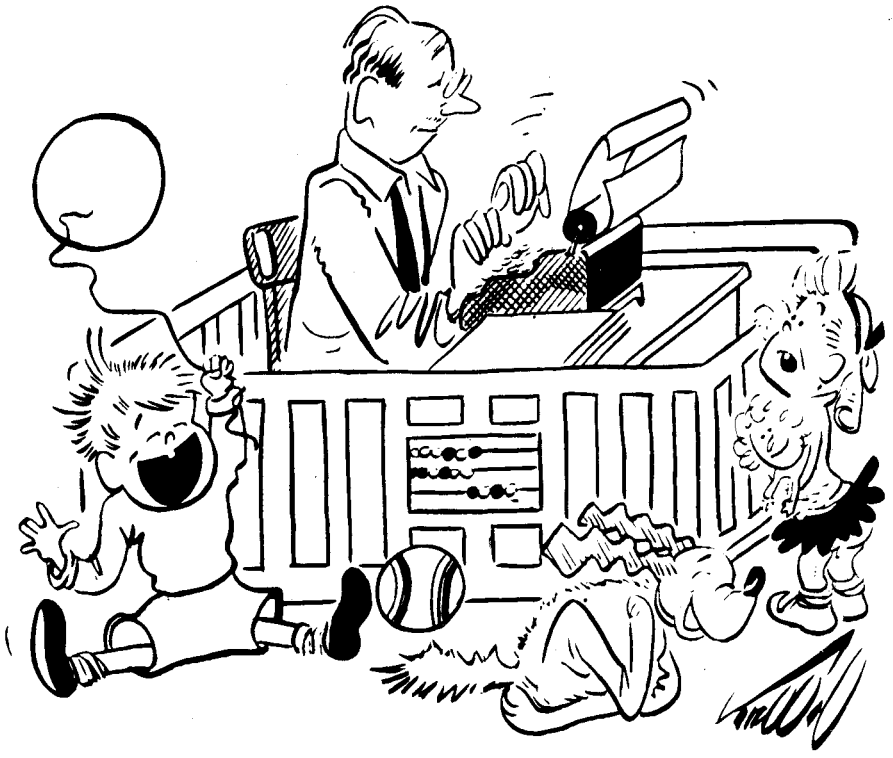

tionate wage rates, a highly competitive business in which, within the next twenty-five years, there may be no prospect of economic survival for the individual bookseller. It may be, indeed, that the small bookseller is already becoming an anachronism. These conditions cannot, in the nature of things, encourage the kind of atmosphere to be found in the bookshops of a half-century ago.

W. S. BOWNESS.

Lexington, Va.

SIR: I am glad to report that such places are not entirely extinct, for here in Philadelphia there is a delightful old book store, some four or more floors of which are stacked to capacity with literature of every known variety. Browsing is not only invited but insisted upon and the atmosphere is more that of a public library than a commercial establishment.

Do let us have bookstores planned with more space and opportunity for browsing, less modern up-to-the-minute decor, and fewer high-pressure salesmen surrounding you on all sides.

ELIZABETH G. LEA.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Errors of Detail

SIR: In the absence of my father-in-law, Sir Alan Herbert, in the Mediterranean, I hope I may be forgiven for pointing out several errors of detail in Crane Brinton's generous review of "Independent Member" [*SRL* July 28].

Prof. Brinton refers to A. P. Herbert as continuing to contribute to the *Sunday Express* during the war. I have never known him to make any regular contribution to this paper, though there are many references in his book to his regular contributions to the *Sunday Graphic*. Prof. Brinton also states that the variety of subjects touched upon may seem puzzling to readers unacquainted with the ways of modern Britain, and instances "Arthur Cochran and Ivor Novello." The reference to Arthur Cochran would, of course, puzzle anybody. The individual referred to is the late Sir Charles Cochran famous both in New York and London as "C. B. Cochran."

One more small point, for which obviously your reviewer must not be blamed, is the caption of the picture showing Sir Alan in a very old peacetime jersey, which describes him as being on "a wartime patrol of the Thames." As the *Water Gipsy* was taken over by the Admiralty and became *H.M.S. Gipsy* for the duration, it would be misleading to your readers to imply that petty officers of the Royal Navy were in the habit of floating around in such a rig-out (except after being torpedoed). The photograph was, of course, taken in the less strenuous but austere years following the demobilization of *H.M.S. Water Gipsy*.

JOHN PUDNEY.

Sevenoaks, Eng.

In the Doghouse

SIR: It has been months since The *Saturday Review* printed an article that is likely to kick up as much dust as H. M. Kallen's "Democracy's True Religion" [*SRL* July 28]. The few comments that already have appeared may be but an earnest of what is to come. Our nation appears to be so firmly meshed in the net of ecclesiasticism, Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, that when an independent mind dares to suggest that the fruits of religion as revealed in conduct necessarily do not stem from Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant revelation, the doghouse of atheism is strongly recommended. In the eyes of all religious fundamentalists it is an unpardonable sin to believe with the philosopher Santayana that the word "God" is " a floating symbol," mutual understanding of which is impossible. Dogma has assumed such gigantic proportions that Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant zealots are quite prone to mistake shadow for substance. The chip is always on their shoulder, and woe to him who bravely knocks it off.

If democracy does have a true religion, as Kallen contends, that religion must be secularistic, since democracy, the rule of the *demos*, or people, claims no divine sanction; otherwise it would be a theocracy. The reason why Catholics protest Kallen's thesis is obvious: the Papacy, like Stalin's brand of Communism, is an earthly absolute. Both aim uncompromisingly at world domination, the difference between them being the difference between God-fearingness and godlessness.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

SIR: Many readers of "Democracy's True Religion" will agree with Professor Kallen that the contradictory claims of the Roman Catholic Church in America to the immunities of a church on the one hand and the rights of a state on the other are dangerous. Unless wary they will be inclined to accept Mr. Kallen's assumption that the danger lies in the fact that the American form of government itself is a competing religion.

The account of the religion of science and democracy upon which Mr. Kallen appears to base his argument has little relation to history and human fact. It bears some resemblance to the worship of the Goddess of Reason of the French Revolution but has little connection with the American republic in the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. Professor Kallen makes much of the importance of the individual, as any American should. Whence comes this importance? Not from the religion of *how* to debate issues and decide them, which Mr. Kallen calls the religion of democracy.

The ideas which established the American republic and still operate in its courts begin with the principle that a government is not a religion. The government which in America has worked so surprisingly well began with an idea contributed by Christianity and humanism, and this idea it has treated as one of the very few assumptions necessary in order to make representative government durable—the idea that the individual is precious.

Mr. Kallen's scientific democracy is something more recent than the American government and but slightly represented in present-day America. It shares the sentimentalism of the romantic worship of Reason which followed no only the French Revolution, but the Russian one as well.

If, as Professor Kallen says, democracy's true religion, like the religion of science, is a process or method, and the *what* or object of the process is subject to change, the religion of democracy bears alarming similarity to other religions of the State. The faith of totalitarianism also lies in means, not ends, and the object of the process may change with "national policy."

GORDON KEITH CHALMERS.

Gambier, O.

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Seeing Things

HORACE WALPOLE MOVES TO CONN.

A STORY has it that, though General Eisenhower liked "Soldier of Democracy," Kenneth S. Davis's biography of him, when he finally got around to reading it, he did not read it at once. Davis had spent months with the General while working on the book. Naturally, when it was rushed off the presses in 1945, he was anxious to have Eisenhower's opinion of it. "Thanks a lot for the book, Kenneth," the General is reported to have said when given a copy, "but I don't promise to read it." Then, an overworked and modest man, he added, smiling, "After all, you've lived with me for only one year and I've had to live with me for fifty-five years. So I can't see how you could possibly tell me anything about myself that I don't already know."

Horace Walpole devoted nearly eighty years, and Wilmarth Lewis has so far devoted only twenty-seven, to living with Horace Walpole. Yet it seems safe to say that Mr. Lewis knows more about Walpole; the books he wrote, printed, owned, or read; his possessions at Strawberry Hill, and his correspondence than Walpole did himself, and he knew a great deal. Walpole while living his life must, as mortals will, have forgotten some of its details. But Mr. Lewis, in reliving it for him, has forgotten nothing.

More than being Mr. Lewis's hobby, Walpole is his lifework. Everything and everyone connected with Walpole is of passionate concern to him. Active though he is on many boards, Mr. Lewis could be a gentleman of leisure if only Walpole's shade were gentlemanly enough to leave him alone. But, fortunately for scholarship and all students of the eighteenth century, it will not.

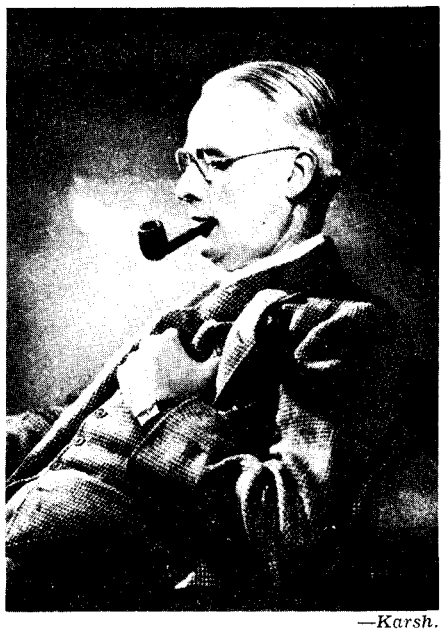
Mr. Lewis's devotion to Walpole is boundless and knows no fatigue. After all, he is editing the monumental "Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence," of which fourteen volumes have already appeared, sixteen more are now well along, and the final one (the fiftieth?) he hopes to publish in 1965 on his seventieth birthday. Mr. Lewis's preoccupation with Walpole does not stop there. He has turned Twickenham's first citizen into a resident of Connecticut. In his charming colonial house at Farmington Mr. Lewis has brought together thousands upon thousands of the long-scattered books, letters, paintings, manuscripts, and relics which were once to be found at Strawberry Hill. If wisely he has not attempted to reproduce the Gothic oddities of that toy castle of Walpole's creation, he has succeeded in assembling the world's greatest collection of Walpoliana.

"Collector's Progress"* is Mr. Lewis's account of how his fabulous collection came into being. It is an engaging book for many reasons. Its tone is warm and personal; its touch light and relaxed. Its wit is as lively as that which makes Mr. Lewis one of the most captivating of conversationalists and speakers. It is a record of triumphs recounted without boasting and some failures honestly and humorously described; a yarn of pursuit and detection which happens to be true. It is also a chronicle of friendships, with enchanting tributes paid to the booksellers who have helped him and to such notable collectors who have guided him as the late Dr. Edward Clark Streeter and Yale's Chauncey Tinker. It is, too, a tale of adventure, a "Kon-Tiki" of the secondhand book stores and the auction rooms. Indeed, no book concerned with the quest of other books has equaled it in charm since A. Edward Newton's "The Amenities of Book Collecting."

Most of us are collectors of one thing or another. We are fated to collect years if nothing else. But collecting on Mr. Lewis's scale, with his dedication and intensity and such a rigid sense of specialization, is a different matter. One is bound to wonder why such absorption in one man; why that particular man; why so much time, energy, and money selflessly given; and why the endless ramifications to which interest of this kind leads when it has swollen into zeal.

Francis Henry Taylor in "The Taste of Angels," his brilliant history of art collections from the Egyptians down to Napoleon, speaks of the "sort of devil" which possesses collectors. That this is a very real and driving devil, no one can deny. Certainly Mr. Lewis

*COLLECTOR'S PROGRESS. By Wilmarth Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 253 pp. $5.



—Karsh.

Wilmarth Lewis—"obviously a born collector."

would not. Yet, when it comes to books and the rarefied realm of first editions and pristine or mint copies, that devil has operated in ways beyond my comprehension. At least it has in the past. If it does not in the future, the reason is that Mr. Lewis has come nearer than anyone else to making me understand the importance —even the sanity—of bibliomania.

I collect more books than my budget can afford or my apartment can decently hold. But I am a poor collector in Mr. Lewis's sense not only because I am poor but because valuable books are utterly valueless to me. Since I cannot use them, I do not want them. And since I do not want them, I do not deserve them. Renegade that I am, I am not sufficiently craven to mutilate the few choice volumes I own. This much sense and this much reverence I have.

NONETHELESS, so far as books are concerned, let me confess the hideous truth, I am a rapist. I want to possess them without asking their consent. There is a frigidity about museum items which I cannot abide. The books I love are not untouchables. I have no shelf or floor space for such volumes as would be violated if their leaves were cut. I cannot persuade myself that a book is worth owning, the sole merit of which is that it is rare. Cheap editions, if the type is good, are as dear to me as the most expensive. A book's value does not fluctuate to my way of thinking because the margins of its pages have been lessened by a millimeter. I am far fonder of original works than of original bindings.

As a writer, I hold uncut pages to

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be a comment on an owner and an insult to an author. A book for me is something to be read, not kept under glass or in a safe. I want to dog-ear it, to underline it, to annotate it, and mark favorite passages, and make my own index on the blank pages at the back. I prize the contents, not the exterior, the stuffs of literature rather than the printed object, however jewel-like. My desire is for a book to be a friend instead of a royal visitor, and to treat it with the kind of disrespect only affection makes possible. In short, in my own working library (which I love) I am by all the standards of a bibliographer the most contemptible of pariahs.

Mr. Lewis has opened my eyes wider than they have ever been opened to that other world, the world of the real collectors. He has done this, first of all, by quoting some words spoken to him long ago by Chauncey Tinker. Professor Tinker, according to Mr. Lewis, was almost alone among university people in understanding the importance of possessing the first editions of the books he studied and taught. Colleagues who said "The last edition is the best" with an air of having said something profound were consigned by him to the pit without argument. "How can you fully understand the effect of a book on its time unless you know what it looked like?" he would ask everyone but the Philistines, and with them he would not bother. Professor Tinker's contention was that collecting is a form of scholarship—exacting, imaginative, creative. Where, he would argue, would scholars be if there had been no collectors before them to bring together the books that make research possible? Collecting, libraries, publication, these three, he insisted, were vital, and the first of these—without which the other two would not exist—is collecting.

MR. LEWIS was obviously a born collector. And a born collector is as uncommon as a born singer, a born writer, painter, architect, warrior, or statesman. He came to be, not *a* Walpole man, but *the* Walpole man by a process of evolution crossed with chance. He began by hoarding houseflies in a discarded cigar box when he was five. The following year he switched to shells. Inevitably the next move was to stamps. From having been a devoted philatelist, he turned into a no less devoted numismatist. From coins he changed to butterflies. It was not until he was a Yale freshman that he became a book collector, an interest he temporarily misplaced when he bought a copy of "Alice in Wonderland" under the impression it was a first edition until someone pointed out that its title-page bore a New York imprint and the line "Seventy-seventh thousand."

After the First World War Mr. Lewis returned to Yale, and when John Masefield lectured there he applied himself to collecting Masefield's works. Subsequent trips abroad found him haunting old book shops and bagging his first treasures. Without realizing it, he was edging towards that fateful day when he would have to choose between being a general and a specialized collector. His purchase in England of some manuscript notes by Lady Louisa Stuart attached in a pocket to the front cover of the first volume of John Heneage Jesse's "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries" led him to do some research during which he encountered Walpole's name again and again. Before he knew it, and due to his picking up for a song at Scribner's some valuable Strawberry Hill Press publications, including Gray's "Odes," Mr. Lewis had made his decision. He had turned

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down the "narrow, weed-grown road" that led to Horace Walpole, that road which he was to clear of its weeds and turn into a main highway.

Mr. Lewis has long been well aware that few writers have fluctuated more in critical esteem than Walpole. He quotes some of these conflicting judgments. To Lord David Cecil Walpole was "more like a sprite than a man" with "his dragonfly elegance." Virginia Woolf thought him "the strangest mixture of ape and cupid that ever was." Macaulay described him as "a pâté-de-foie-gras . . . made of livers preternaturally swollen." To Croker he was a poisoner of history at its source. Carlyle saw him as "a small, steady light . . . unusually accurate . . . an irrefragible authority." Byron was convinced that he was "surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may."

If, when he began to concentrate on Walpole, Mr. Lewis had any doubts, Professor Tinker helped to remove them. He exonerated Walpole of the charge of being responsible by his lordly indifference for Chatterton's death. He made clear the ignored importance of a dilettante and a gossip held to be trivial. Accordingly Mr. Lewis went ahead, and as he did so he came increasingly to see that exceptional as Walpole was as a personality, a writer, a correspondent, and a collector, he was more than that. He was the epitome of eighteenth-century England.

OVER THE years Mr. Lewis's collection has grown beyond his most ambitious dreams when he started it. From the books printed and written by Walpole, it has branched out to include every edition of his works; as many as possible of the books he owned; books written by his friends or dealing with subjects which interested him; volumes in which Walpole or his circle were mentioned; every

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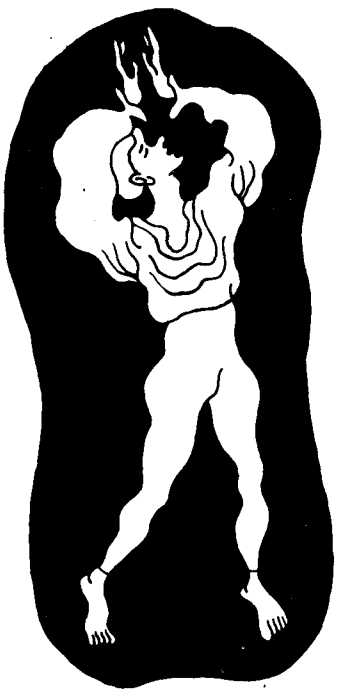
obtainable Walpole manuscript, and the originals of the letters he sent and received; such relics as could be found that had once been in Strawberry Hill; and finally (at least for an overbold interval) the acquisition of every book published in England between 1751 and 1800 which was not already in the Yale Library.

In amassing the roomfuls of Walpoliana at Farmington Mr. Lewis has had his moments of high good fortune. To use a word of Walpole's which has come again into circulation, he has had the advantage of serendipity, "that faculty of making happy and accidental discoveries while looking for one thing and finding another." Mr. Lewis's persistence, however, has been greater than his luck. It has been equaled only by his endowments as a detective, his Geiger-counter instinct, his scholarship, his genius for friendship, and his unflagging fervor.

Macaulay's claim was that "scarcely any writer has ever troubled himself so much about the appearance which his works were to make before posterity" as Horace Walpole did. Surely few writers have ever been so fortunate as he has been in finding in Mr. Lewis a collector to assure his place in history. The new, the colonial Strawberry Hill at Farmington will in time be given, with all its treasures, to Yale. "To make a collection that stores up something of importance to society and then place it at society's disposal is to store up civilization for posterity's use," says Mr. Lewis. This is precisely what he has done. He has performed heroically an heroic work for scholarship and written about it with infinite modesty, charm, and urbanity in "Collector's Progress."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



Music to My Ears

THE SNOBBISH CULT OF DEGENERACY

EVERY GENERATION has its artistic cross to bear and ours, I guess, is Ballet. I indicate the capital, because it is the special kind which calls for it that has gotten under my skin in its current manifestations by the New York City Ballet at the City Center. The chic number of the moment is the opus of Jerome Robbins titled "The Cage," closely followed by an even newer novelty by Todd Bolender based on Bela Bartok's powerful "The Miraculous Mandarin" score.

"The Cage," as I might have found out last June when it was introduced had I not been abroad at the time, devotes elaborate attention to the species of insect in which the male dies after fertilizing the female. Nora Kaye is a "novice" to whom this all seems slightly repulsive and unnecessarily abrupt; but after a sentimental passage to the rather saccharine middle movement of Stravinsky's D major string concerto, she respects the tribal custom—not only getting, but gutting, her man. (Insects, men, it's all the same: after all, you can't train a flea circus big enough for City Center.)

"The Miraculous Mandarin," for its part, puts prostitution back on a plane of artistic importance it hasn't had since the "respectable" one was current a few seasons ago. The spectacle here concerns a streetwalker who lures her customers to destruction by a gang of thieves. Her tough soul is touched and her virtually gold-encrusted heart is warmed, finally, by a "Miraculous Mandarin" whose only defense is passivity. Sure, she's a good kid under it all, and she's damn sorry when it's done; but the fact is that the Oriental has been hung by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead, while she is still alive to weep over him.

I will not dwell on this inversion of values save to cite it as another instance of the poverty of mind and the paucity of talent embodied in these and similar manifestations shown here in recent years by one company and another under such titles as "Undertow," "Facsimile," "Interplay," etc. (It may be that all these are ballets by J. Robbins, who seems to specialize in such shenanigans.) I realize that these terms are themselves an inversion of the values by which these and like matters are regarded as imaginative and daring. They are so only to the extent that no one has ever imagined them as worth a waste of time before, nor dared to believe that an audience would regard them seriously as products of a responsible mind. It's not a question of morals, but of maturity; not an indictment of reality, but a thoroughgoing boredom with the current commercial exploitation of its more lurid aspects.

BALLET HAS lagged far behind the other arts in its reflection of the child's concern with his intimate organs, and seems to be embarked on a helter-skelter pursuit of the usual self-revelation. The difference is, however, that almost every other art — whether music, prose, or the graphic forms—must, of necessity, find a powerfully personal embodiment of this commonest of phenomenon and render it in some sublimated expression; but a choreographer sufficiently convinced of the public's gullibility can throw the mere physical movements themselves on the stage and be hailed as a genius for publishing the manifest physical principle that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

The whole snobbish cult of degeneracy has so infiltrated the intellectual arena that a palpitant "Yes" has become much the easier answer than a determined "No." "Yes" means that you are aware, on the ball, hep; "No" as clearly stamps one as retrogressive, fossilized, probably Isolationist or worse. But so far as ballet is concerned, it is time that those who value it, feel for it—yes, even love it—give out with a few resounding "Nos." For all its surface sheen of virtuosity, this stuff is arrested development or worse; it has the relation to art that lavatory limericks have to poetry.

While we're at it, let's face the fact that most of this intense preoccupation with the clash of sexes is expressed by and through a segment of society which has no actual concern with it. My view is that it is all an elaborate smoke-screen designed to conceal basic facts and give them an "artistic" verity. If there are sound contrary viewpoints, I'd like to hear them. Methinks it is not the lady, but the laddie, who doth protest too much.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

TWO VENTURES BY INDEPENDENTS—TWO OTHERS

—From "The Well."

" . . . some quietly heroic acts as the rescue operations proceed."

ABOUT THE ONLY FACTS my guide books give me about the independent producing team of Harry M. Popkin, Russell Rouse, and Clarence Green, are that they were responsible for a film called "D.O.A." a fairly decent crime melodrama of two years back. The same team now offers "The Well," also independently produced, and this time they have come up with a considerable achievement. Their movie follows hot upon some newspaper headlines—seldom promising material, to judge by previous efforts along these lines—but they have fashioned a film story that is absorbing and thought-provoking. You will undoubtedly remember the case of the little girl in Texas who fell down an abandoned well while playing, and the strenuous and doomed efforts to extricate her alive. This suggested the Rouse and Green screen-play, but they have taken the ball from there and run with it a good deal further.

The situation, as the movie has it, changes the race of the little girl from white to Negro. And the town in which she lives contains an evenly balanced mixture of the two groups. Until it is known just what has happened to the child, the speculations turn upon the possibility of a sex maniac, and when a stranger is found who had been seen buying the girl some flowers emotions begin to run high and strong. The stranger happens to be white, and a nephew of the town's richest man. The first signs of racial violence appear, and a full scale riot is averted only when the child is discovered in the well. At this point, people who were about to fly at one another's throats suddenly turn into neighbors with a common concern, and from there on the movie shows some quietly heroic acts as the rescue operations proceed. The psychology of all this would certainly seem to be valid, judging by the news stories of similar events, but it has taken some clever writing and directing to get the basic point across on the screen. The acting by Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, and Henry Morgan struck me as excellent, and the scenes showing the rescue operations are striking and almost documentary in their realism. Now and then, the pitch of the excitement gets too strident, and some of the minor roles are not played with the competence shown by the principals, but this is a movie worthy of your attention. There is dignity in it, and good common sense, and there is much that is refreshing from the standpoint of execution.

* * *

Another independent venture, "Pickup," has not turned out so well, in spite of the hullaballoo that has been caused by its phenomenally low budget. Hugo Haas, its producer, director, co-writer, and star, got this one into cans for something like eighty thousand dollars. But this miraculous fact should not prevent one from scanning the material objectively. And, objectively speaking, this story of a pretty floozy who attempts to extract the life savings of a lonely railroad dispatcher by marrying him, is as full of holes as a lobster net. I kept noticing echos of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "She Knew What She Wanted" throughout, and the remainder of the plot combination seems stale and thoroughly contrived. Haas is fine as the railroad man, but his directing makes use of some devices of the European cinema that, in a contemporary American context, seem pretty outdated. Beverly Michaels, as the pickup, wags some legs that are supposed to be fatally attractive and chews her gum noisily, but that about accounts for her range of expression. Allan Nixon, who plays the young worm in the woodpile, has some nice curly hair, but little else to recommend him. You might want to take a look at "Pickup," though, to see what eighty thousand dollars gets you in the way of a movie. Not a great deal, to judge by this case, but my hopes in the low-low budget direction are not yet crushed. With a keener story sense, and the aid of more talented acting, Mr. Haas might well have been able to turn the trick.

* * *

Our next subject heading will be Hollywood and Baseball. Paramount takes up the national sport in "Rhubarb" and MGM has a go at it in "Angels in the Outfield." Let's proceed to my objections at once. Both movies fail in their ball-playing sequences to capture any amount of the very real flavor and excitement of the sport, as well as the special kind of humor that is inherent in it. This is not only failure; it's a damned shame. The sports columns sparkle every day with baseball news and comment, indicating that the game is a never-ending source of color, fun, legends, and feats of power and endurance. One would think this would represent a sort of backyard oil-well for Hollywood; but, through some unfortunate lack of sensitivity, the producers and directors fail to see this. A baseball movie is usually drenched with either fearsome sentimentality or a kind of forced humor.

"Angels in the Outfield," for instance, doesn't take long to get bogged down in the worst kind of corn, involving nuns, miracles, and a heavenly

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ball team. By the time the movie is over the entire cast is believing profoundly in these ball-playing angels (they are interdenominational, it is made clear), and what is even more unthinkable, that the Pittsburgh Pirates could be in last place with three quarters of the season gone, and in first by the end. This is carrying fantasy too far. Paul Douglas does the Durocher-type manager who sees the light of angels, and Janet Leigh is the girl-reporter who senses the soft heart underneath the manager's bull-chested and bull-throated exterior.

The baseball played in the above picture is of a low enough calibre, but in "Rhubarb" new depths are reached. The movie attempts to show some ball-players, inspired by a handsome tomcat, banging out hits all over the lot. Utterly unconvincing. They swing like members of a girl school's softball team at balls lobbed gently to them; their fierce hits roll slowly past the pitcher's mound, and lose momentum before they reach the grass. Meanwhile the infielders dive frantically for the dribbles with all the grace of dromedaries. To make matters worse they score four runs in the last half of the ninth inning (no home run) when they need only two to win.

Aside from this, however, "Rhubarb" does have some humor, especially when away from the diamond. The tomcat does an excellent acting job (it seems he has inherited this awful team), and Ray Milland and Jan Sterling work hard as his consorts. The funny stuff becomes quite spirited when a group of gamblers capture Rhubarb, having rightly divined that only the cat's magical powers could explain the winning ability of the ball club. But we can only let this movie get by under protest.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

The Well: Reviewed in this issue.

Los Olvidados (The Lost Ones): Incidents uncovered and vouched for by Mexican penal and educational authorities. An angry film—not for the sensitive stomach, but important. (*SRL* Sept. 15.)

The Medium: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find" Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*SRL* Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee William's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

TV and Radio

A CHALLENGE TO THE FOUNDATIONS

THE FORD FOUNDATION is making radio-TV headlines with its generous grants which seek to raise broadcasting's cultural and educational levels. The Alfred P. Sloan General Motors Foundation, however, was there first: the Ford Foundation programs are in the planning stage; "American Inventory," a Sloan Foundation television series, has been on the air Sundays for several months over NBC-TV.

I have caught six "Inventories"—a program on inflation, one on the summer floods in the Midwest, another on the problem of panic in the event of an A-Bomb attack, two programs on "The Early Years" and "The Middle Years" of the life-cycle, and, over the Labor Day week end, a broadcast on traffic safety, "U. S. Dieway Number One." Five times I had in mind writing a report on the series and each time I have hesitated and put it off.

The notion that foundations are the answer to altruistically motivated broadcasting in this country is not new. I remember many a radio-row conversation in which broadcasting veterans prophetically argued that philanthropic organizations would eventually realize that under our commercial broadcasting system advertisers and networks could not seriously accept the do-good responsibility. The job had to be done, they reasoned; it would take important money; only the foundations had it; these had merely to be educated to the need.

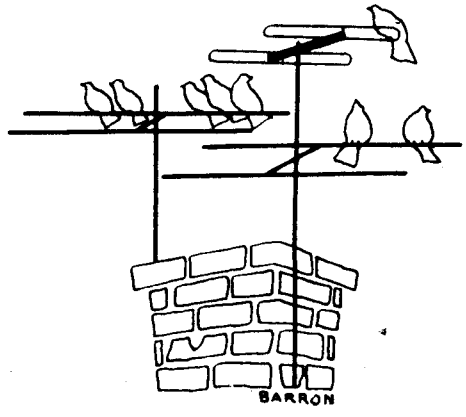
The argument further ran that the coming of TV would only make the need for foundation-supported broadcasting more acute because radio public-service programs are reasonably costly and can be moderately sustained by the networks but the expense of public-service telecasts would be prohibitive.

Events have honored the prophets. Television has dramatized broadcasting's gaunt want and great potential, and the foundations are being persuaded. The importance of their influence on radio and TV cannot be overestimated. Many a thoughtful citizen's hopes and fears for a more rational world ride on what they may contribute. Clearly, it is urgent that the program structure rising out of foundation money be impressive, or, at the very least, an improvement.

With so much at stake, one hesitates to condemn a pioneer example or to damn it with faint praise. Yet the sad story is that if all foundation-produced programs are no better than the half dozen I have seen on "American Inventory," the hope in them is destined for disillusionment. You may argue that it is better to have a program which shows how to handle an infant or a program suggesting how to adjust to middle age, than it is to have one of the lower order of TV's many crime-shows. Agreed, if the program is interesting enough to hold an audience: not agreed if the program is dull and drives viewers away.

"American Inventory" is expository to a fault. It is reminiscent of CBS's departed, venerable "School of the Air" series, which was designed for classroom use. There were many fine programs done on that series, but its general approach has long since given way to newer concepts of documentary program building based on accumulating research. Much water has flown under broadcasting's bridge since "School of the Air," and here is "American Inventory" still using the old "lantern-slide" technique.

CONSIDER the Labor Day week end. "U. S. Dieway Number One," for example. Written by Allan Sloan, it was the most vigorous of the programs that I have seen on the series. A typical American family bound for a holiday jaunt in their car, was, as the wedding-guest by the ancient mariner, accosted and transfixed on their front porch and frightened out of their socks by strike-home scenes of death and destruction on the open road. The cocker spaniel, the little boy, his young sister were the sure-fire devices to induce audience identification and



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learning. Any communication psychologist could have suggested that the devices were sure to repel viewers in a holiday mood to channels less gory. The fright technique may at times be a useful tool in teaching, but for best results it should be mixed with fascination.

Then there was the earlier program on inflation, with dancer Dorothy Jarnac Martha-Grahaming it in dollar-sign tights against black velvet. This is presumably animating an abstraction, but I found neither art nor enlightenment in Miss Jarnac's leaping and collapsing like a wounded buck.

The program on "Will there be panic if an A-bomb should fall?" attempted reassurance, but its vignettes set in homes and emergency medicine stations had nó empathy calculated to keep the eye glued to the television receiver. It is false to assume that because the producers are motivated, and because a subject is important, the interest of an audience can be captured unless there is, in the dramatic sense, a show on the screen. Not one of the "Inventories" witnessed made a show: they were all illustrated lectures. Such lectures have their use —but on a competitive mass-medium. Is this what Mr. Sloan is granting money for?

Technically, the productions are a hodge-podge of film clips, drawings, live scenes, and demonstrations. The acting is undistinguished, often downright poor, the direction flabby. "Inventory" is a strong word to a businessman, but in a show title it is deadly. And what visual excitement is there in the program's lengthy opening and closing: a hand taking and replacing books on a shelf, each marked with a letter of the program's title or with a name credit?

Educational broadcasts are still broadcasts. Their intent may be high-minded but they are governed by the same laws of audience interest that rule entertainment generally. They cannot be measured by special yardsticks. Their challenge is big and their job is difficult. It is a hard thing to say but the times require plain speaking. "American Inventory" is not as good at it ought to be and if Mr. Ford's foundation fails to do better than Mr. Sloan's, it will be necessary to look elsewhere than to foundations for broadcasting's next great white hope. —Robert Lewis Shayon.

NEW EDITIONS

"Selected Writings of Sir William Osler" (Oxford, $4), with an introduction by G. L. Keynes, affords the reader glimpses of and stimulating contacts with an original, vigorous, polymathic mind. In the papers that compose this volume the Canadian physician and teacher, who died in 1919, writes and lectures on such famous figures as Sir Thomas Brown and Robert Burton, and other figures less familiar to those of us who live outside the medical profession, such as Théophile Laennec, "founder of modern clinical medicine," and Michael Servetus, "physician, physiologist, and heretic," who was burned at the stake near Geneva in the year 1553. There is an interesting paper on the creators, transmuters, and transmitters of thought; and a most interesting one on "The Growth of Truth as Illustrated in the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood," in which the growth of truth is equated with the three states of knowledge identified by Plato in the "Theaetetus" —"acquisition, latent possession, conscious possession."

Osler quotes Bossuet's definition of a heretic as "one who has opinions," and then remarks that "Servetus seems to have been charged with opinions like a Leyden jar." The same might be said of Osler himself; and he backed his opinions with courage and tireless energy, directing that energy with a philosophy, which he sets forth in "A Way of Life."

"Now the way of life that I preach," he declares, "is a habit to be acquired gradually by long and steady repetition. It is the practice of living for the day only, and for the day's work, *Life in day-tight compartments.*" He quotes Carlyle: "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." And he drives home his lesson: "Shut off the past! Let the dead past bury its dead." "The load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, carried to-day makes the strongest falter." But the best argument in favor of Sir William Osler's philosophy is the record of his own achievements.

"Morals in Evolution," by L. T. Hobhouse, first published in 1906, has been issued in a seventh edition (Macmillan, $5), with a long, valuable introduction by Morris Ginsberg. When this famous history of morals was written it was reasonable to believe that man was moving constantly, if somewhat irregularly, towards even higher levels of self-control and behavior; but now such belief can be only an act of pure faith. Mr. Ginsberg argues that Hobhouse was not as unreservedly optimistic as has sometimes been supposed; that he was no believer in "necessary or automatic progress;" that he was shaken by the war of 1914, and, by 1927, was even fearful that civilization might collapse. Yet the fact remains that "Morals in Evolution" remains firmly based on the thesis that "the development of society will follow a very different course from its past history, in that it is destined to fall within the scope of an organizing intelligence, and thereby be removed from the play of blind force to the sphere of rational order." True, Hobhouse adds: "Such change must be gradual and attended with many setbacks." But it is hard to believe that what we have been experiencing for nearly forty years is merely a setback in a perfective process.

Ellsworth Huntington's highly successful, useful textbook, "Principles of Human Geography"—the aim of which is hardly less than to apprise students of their place in nature—is available in a sixth edition, revised by Earl B. Shaw, with cartographic revisions by Jameson Macfarland (Wiley $6.25).

F. J. Sheed has given us a new, readable translation of "The Confessions of Saint Augustine," with the last three books omitted.

Paul I. Wellman's "The Trampling Herd" (Doubleday, $4) tells the story of the cattle range in America from the arrival of the first ancestors of the longhorn—shipped by Gregorio de Villalobos in 1521—through the period when there was "No sheriff west of Newton, no God west of Dodge," down to the days of peace between range and grange. And the old West lives, shoots, and kills again in recent reprints of two popular books by Walter Noble Burns—"The Saga of Billy the Kid" and "Tombstone" (Doubleday, $2.50 each). —Ben Ray Redman.

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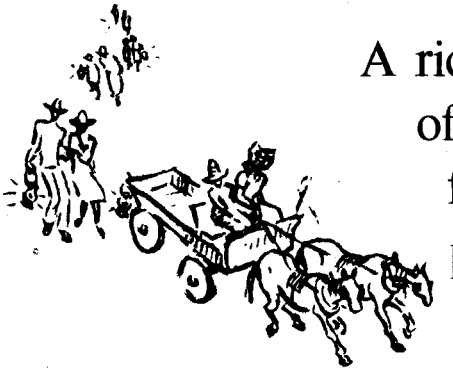
HORIZONS OF A MIND

(*Continued from page 21*)

me unspeakably. . . . Consider how the broker collects his winter's wood, what sport he makes of it, what is his boat and hand-cart! Postponing instant life, he makes haste to Boston in the cars, and there deals in stocks, not quite relishing his employment—and so earns money with which he buys his fuel." "Goodwin," Thoreau remarks ironically, "cannot be a very bad man, he is so cheery." For similar reasons, he enjoyed meeting George Melvin, the dark-faced trapper, followed by his lank, bluish-white, black-spotted hound.

THOREAU knew dogs, and appreciated the wild sound of a hunting dog baying. "Very musical and even sweet now, like a horn, is the hounding of a foxhound heard in some distant wood, while I stand listening in some far solitary and silent field." The genesis of the familiar passage in "Walden" on Thoreau's search for his hound, his horse, and his turtledove is to be found in the "Journal." Like this passage, a number of Thoreau's best thoughts—on life's quest and purpose, on the need to keep oneself at the top of one's bent the better to draw the most out of each moment—have found their way almost directly or quite transformed into his published essays and books. But others, perhaps potentially as significant, remain in the "Journal" for the reader's search: "This morning, . . . for the twentieth time at least, I thought of that mountain in the easterly part of our town (where no high hill actually is) which once or twice I had ascended, and often allowed my thoughts alone to climb. . . . My way up used to lie through a dark and unfrequented wood at its base; . . . I shuddered as I went along (I have an indistinct remembrance of having been out overnight alone),—and then I steadily ascended . . . till I lost myself quite in the upper air and clouds, seeming to pass an imaginary line which separates a hill . . . from a mountain. . . . You know no path, but wander, thrilled, over the bare and pathless rock, as if it were solidified air and cloud. . . .

"And are there not such mountains, east or west, from which you may look down on Concord in your thought, and on all the world? In dreams I am shown this height from time to time, and I seem to have asked my fellow once to climb there with me. . . ."



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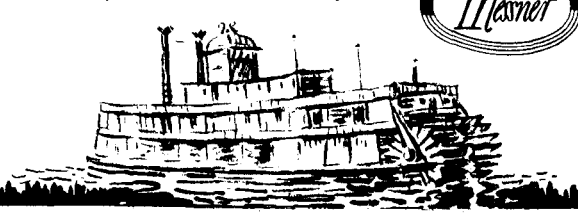

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

once menaced by a sister who announces she will come there and live with him; *that* situation will take some coping with. Perhaps best of all and most likely to form the springboard for volume thirteen, is the threat that a nasty jam factory is to be built so near Jalna the family would inevitably be aware, from time to time, of the fumes of raspberry and plum. To thwart this the family will indeed need to present a united front. So, to lay down "Renny's Daughter" is to have the cozy conviction of lots more to follow, and probably that is no small thing in this whirling world.

For the benefit of the reader who, like the present one, has happened not to read any of the Jalna books between the first and the current one, "Renny's Daughter" starts off with a hand printed genealogy. Since the days of Gran, who survived to a neat hundred, the family has fanned out into characters named Pheasant and Finch and, less ornithological, Eden and Patience, and a host of others. The wife of the man who threatens with the jam factory is named Gem. The book is thronged with people but there need be no hesitation or fumbling around and wondering "Now who's this?" because in addition to the family tree the Whiteoaks themselves are much given—perhaps even they are perplexed—to saying to each other, albeit at the family dinner table where such bits of information can scarcely come as much of a surprise, "All my younger brothers but Piers had a bent for the artistic. There was Eden—a poet . . . Then there's Finch, a musician. He's never cared for anything but music . . . Then there's Wakefield, an actor," so it will be a lazy reader indeed who finds himself much at sea. It is all as helpful as, at the beginning of the first act of costume dramas when groups of courtiers gather on the stage and say to each other, *"As you know,* the King died this morning!"

Probably it wouldn't be fair to hold too rigid a yardstick up against "Renny's Daughter." It will surely prove absorbing to the faithful followers of the Whiteoaks, if to more detached observers it seems a trifle slapdash and random, the characters paper-doll-like, and the situations manufactured. One interesting thing about the book is that the non-Whiteoaks, that is to say grumbling servants, poachers, grave-diggers, and jam-factory Gem, all have more of the breath of life in them than the Whiteoaks themselves. No useful moral need be drawn from this, because it's a safe bet it's the Whiteoaks who will prevail in volume thirteen. If there *must* be jam factories in Ontario, we can be sure they will be built a good long way away from Jalna.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Suzanne McConnaughey—"old friends."

Fiction Notes

POINT VENUS. By Suzanne McConnaughey. Little, Brown & Co. $3. Susanne McConnaughey writes of Tahiti as it was more than a hundred years ago, with the French and English competing for possession, the missionaries hopefully teaching and preaching, and the climate—or something—undoing most of their work with monotonous regularity. The characters in her novel are in effect old friends, as familiar as those encountered in Rain" or, more recently, "South Pacific," and suggest that in the tropics time really does stand still.

The heroine is Marianna Moore, a missionary's daughter; the hero Jonas Burkham, who might be Sadie Thompson's brother, but is instead an American sailor, deserter from a whaling ship. There is also a sugar planter with a beautiful, restless wife and the inevitable well-trained doctor, ruined by rum. With the exception of Marianna's father, the missionaries are stock types, prim, highly moral, and physically not very brave.

Marianna, born in Tahiti and speaking the language like a native, has a surface stiffness that dissolves slowly under the tuition of Jonas whose life is apparently dedicated to rescuing women from themselves. Choice, for Marianna, is limited to him or a narrow-souled missionary, and she takes the rather shop-warn Jonas as the better man. The action is made for the movies and historical detail is evidently used for ballast.

—JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE.

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY. By Catherine Gaskin. Harper. $3. This is the story of a woman who had the opportunity to take up a situation of which she had made a failure and out of which she had escaped and to try again—an opportunity which comes, after all, to few of us. As a possibility the second chance is endlessly fascinating, something over which all of us must have brooded at one time or another, and for that reason it is absorbing fiction material.

Susan, an attractive and capable young American, had made a hasty war marriage in London with Louis. Reckless courage in the face of the constant danger of his Air Force flying was the dominating emotion of Louis's life, and Susan, marooned in the country with her parents-in-law and her tiny daughter, was helpless to stop the gradual break-up of the marriage. When she went back to America, leaving little Midge with her grandparents, she believed she was doing the wisest thing for the child whom she did not think she could support.

As the novel opens, Susan, now a successful New York career woman, has come back to London to conclude the final legal details of her divorce and, she hopes, to persuade Louis to give her custody of Midge. With her is Paul Berkman, the owner of a series of magazines, among them the one for which she works, and the man whom she intends to marry as soon as she is

—*Gordon W. Powley.*

Catherine Gaskin—"absorbing fiction."

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free. But the six years which have made a different woman of Susan have brought extraordinary changes in Louis, of which she has known nothing. The outcome of her London visit, with its overtones of tense and dramatic tragedy, is totally unexpected.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

SAILOR'S CHOICE. By Carl Bottume. Little, Brown. $3. Mr. Bottume's tale is of Grand Cayman Island in the West Indies where they grew sailors and made ships, and of Jed Simpson, good sailor and owner of the schooner *Guarina*. Cayman Islanders supported their wives and families by turtling in the Caribbean and selling the huge beasts at the Key West market. With a full cargo of turtles aboard they'd come around the Point, "all laughing, all the petty gripes of the long trip forgotten now—after they had docked, warping the ship in with the lines, and the customs had come aboard—then after all that, he had found out the current price of turtle; and suddenly all the good feeling had gone." Accepting the stranger's proposition to smuggle guns into British Honduras would mean the difference between getting along nicely for the next year or barely managing to survive. It meant a thousand dollars apiece and it also meant hanging if they were caught. The *Guarina*'s skipper and crew had families and there was good reason for them to take the risk.

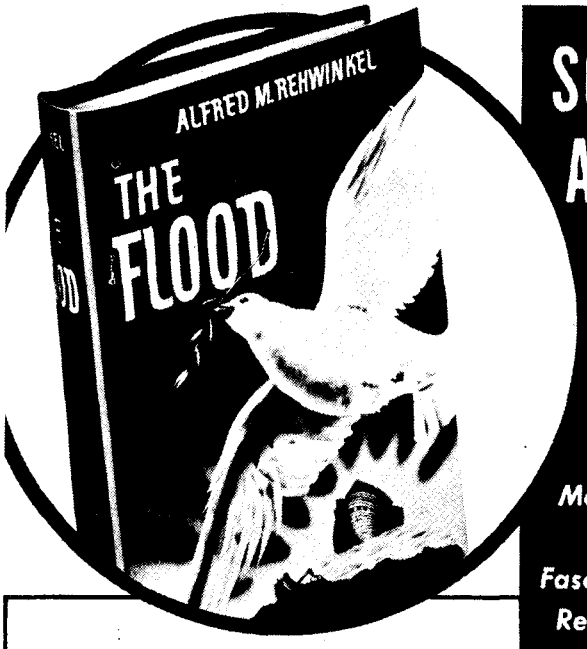
"Sailor's Choice" is recommended not only to readers in America but to critics abroad who have been asking whether our writers are producing any worthwhile and decent fiction. Although it concerns this country neither in character nor in setting its controlled and powerful style is unquestionably a product of the U.S.A. Here is no preciosity, no florid description, no swashbuckling heroes and full-breasted heroines, but rather a straightforward prose narrative which brings alive a handful of human beings caught in the rip-tides of life and the sea.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

POWDER MISSION. By Herbert E. Stover. Dodd, Mead. $3. This is one of those novels that may best be classified as circulation-library-historical, which means that it makes a very pleasant and glancing use of history to embellish a romantic adventure story. We are back in colonial America in the days of the Revolution. We meet such personages as Mad Anthony Wayne and the man known as Dirty Girty. We fight desperate skirmishes against Indians and renegades, convoy hidden gold up the Mississippi, taste and smell the inside of a British prison. But best of all we follow the exploits of the intrepid young hero, a Dutch colonial patriot named Martin Jon Richtier, who is ready to give his life for the great General Washington and does all but that at several crucial moments. And there is also the mysterious Hester Jordan, lovely and exasperating to the earnest Martin. Is she a Tory spy, or is she a patriotic American fighting behind enemy lines? All of this works like a leaven to animate a tale of danger and romance. It is very much like the tales of frontier adventure, Revolutionary adventure, Civil War adventure that I used to read when I was a boy. It is, in fact, the very tale.

If I am personally disqualified by my present age from deriving pleasure from such a tale, that is no judgment upon the book's value. I hope all the boys (and girls), young and old, will read it. I'd rather they read "Powder Mission," with its imagination, its local color, its vital people, than most of the pap they do read. As a matter of fact, a lot of people are going to enjoy "Powder Mission" and I hope they will accept this left-handed pointer along the way.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.



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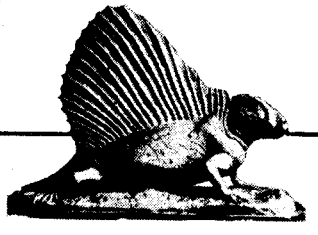

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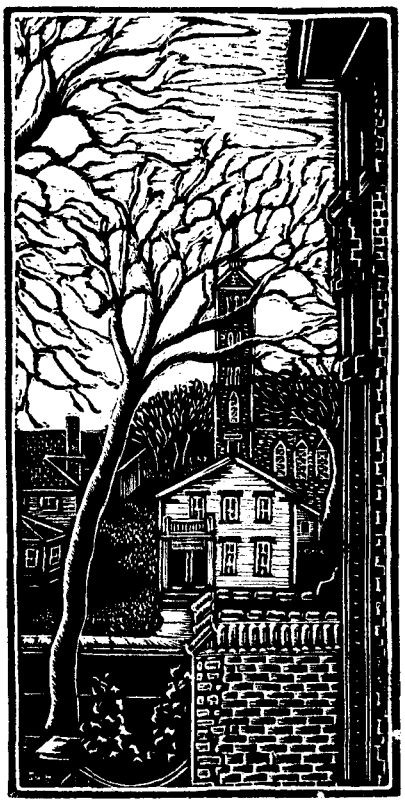
IDEAS

(*Continued from page* 14)

biography of Albert Gallatin have been puzzled by the forbidding stretches of untranslated French letters, but not Hume, who shows so little understanding of the character of Gallatin that he would have us believe that Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury and his biographer resembled each other as closely as Siamese twins. The truth, of course, was that Gallatin was too sensible to yearn for the prestige that Adams so desperately craved.

The average intelligent American may ask why Adams shunned the consolation of religion, but not Hume, who writes that his hero "had seen too much of the world not to discern the word Failure written over the door to the religious labyrinth." This sort of rhetoric may appeal to agnostic readers, but even agnostics must realize that the author of the "Education" can't very well be compared with a religious thinker of the depth of Pascal. Yet Hume tries to persuade us that Pascal and Adams were traveling the very same road.



Thinker—Preacher—Prophet

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY JAMES, SR. By Frederick Harold Young. New York: Bookman Associates. 338 *pp.* $4.50.

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

PROFESSOR Young has equipped his book with such a formidable battery of pre-publication comments that only the hardiest reviewer can fail to be intimidated. Professors Ralph Barton Perry, John A. Mackay, Harold A. Larrabee, *et. al.*, think the book first rate. Professor Perry, indeed, calls it a "standard work" on the subject, and he should know. If one merely endorses the opinions of such eminent persons one lays oneself open to the charge of being unduly impressed by "authority." Let me say, therefore, that I found the book extremely heavy going, not a little arid, and hardly the volume to rescue Henry James from the innocuous desuetude to which the reading public has these many years consigned him. It will, of course, properly introduce him to philosophers of a religious bent and theologians of a philosophic bent. It is stuffed from cover to cover with the technical apparatus of philosophic and theological scholarship. It reads, indeed, like a very superior rewritten Ph. D. thesis. If the author has missed a trick relevant to that kind of literature it is outside the bounds of my knowledge and imagination.

Yet, having said this, I should be dodging my responsibility if I did not add that the book is so obviously "definitive" that it is highly improbable that this particular kind of job will ever again have to be done on this scale. It is, of its kind, a superb piece of work. It puts through the academic meat-chopper the discursive and repetitive writings of a complex thinker and distributes the *disjecta membra* to their proper pigeonholes with consummate skill, arriving finally at the conclusion that:

> . . . James is one of the very few thinkers who have lived and thought on the North American continent, whose metaphysics is Neo-Platonic and Gnostic in its genius. Furthermore, his social philosophy is a unique doctrine standing between, or more accurately, beyond, the Calvinistic and Emersonian extremes . . . both Calvinism and Emersonianism, for very different reasons, were too narrow for James's intensely social and loving spirit; and so he broadened his religious philosophy into a metaphysical-eschatological - spiritual - social - democratic universalism which embraced in its redemptive yearning the entire race of mankind.
>
> James would not leave out a single human soul in man's progress from the frail humanity of history to the Divine Humanity of Eternity. In behalf of that vision James, with his unique fusion of Calvinist - Sandemanian - Fourierist - Swedenborgian - Neoplatonic - Gnostic elements, tilted his philosophic lance against moralism, ecclesiasticism, orthodox Calvinism, naturalistic theism, "orthodox" theism, deism, pantheism, dualism, extreme idealism, and secularistic socialism, by developing his trinal monism and his dynamic philosophy of Spirit. To that vision James devoted, as thinker-preacher-prophet, his life and labor, his faith and thought. The result to our American philosophic inheritance is a vision of singular vitality and nobility.

However all that may be, there is not a shadow of a doubt that Henry James, Sr., was a great and noble man. These many years, incapable as I am of composing a technically valid critique of his work, I have maintained that judgment of him. He ranks, as man and mind, with his great sons, William and Henry, and in some respects inspires warmer affection than either. I love old Henry James and have since first I encountered him twenty-odd years ago. I wish more people would get to know and love him. I don't think Professor Young's book will help much. I don't think *he* loves him, for he complains often about James's disorderly mental ways, as that James is not "susceptible of positive philosophical identification," certainly a monstrous crime. Yet for most of us it is sufficient, I think, to call him an heretical Swedenborgian—heretical *vis à vis* Swedenborg himself and both branches of the Church of the New Jerusalem, that is—and to enjoy his tremendous criticisms of those he disliked and ponder respectfully the truths he felt he had discovered. Professor Young certainly clarifies James's thought, categorizes it, remarks its technical strengths and weaknesses. He gets a good distance beyond Austin Warren's "The Elder Henry James" of 1934. But he leaves out the wondrous man and that I cannot fail to deplore.

The academic gentlemen to the contrary, there is yet another book to be written on Henry James, Sr. This one must, however, be constantly at the hand of the man who writes it. What Henry James thought cannot be exhaustively understood without it.

C. Hartley Grattan is author of "The Three Jameses: A Family of Minds."

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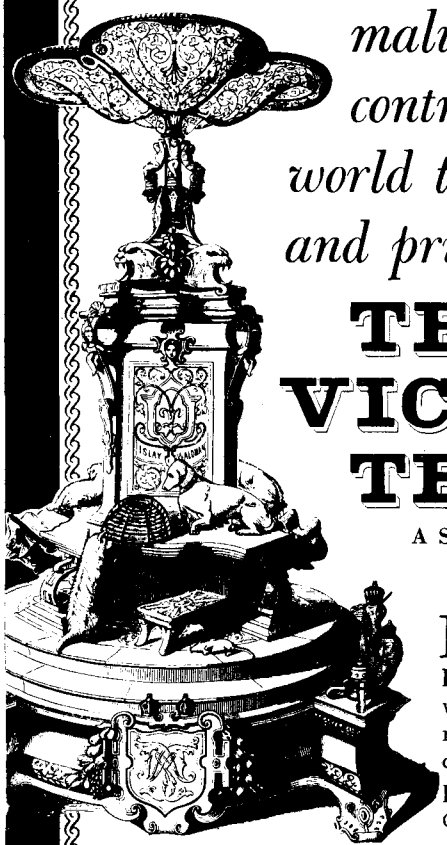
Ideas Notes

THE VINDICATION OF METAPHYSICS: A Study in the Philosophy of Spinoza. By Ruth Lydia Saw. Macmillan. $2. According to one point of view, the logical positivist, metaphysics is nothing but bad grammar. Spinoza was a metaphysician. Therefore, Spinoza was a bad grammarian. According to another point of view, metaphysics, like epic poetry, is a kind of art and should be judged on esthetic grounds. Since Spinoza's metaphysical system possesses undeniable majesty, dignity, and power, he was one of the greatest of all epic poets, and it is only to be regretted that he did not, like Milton for example, use the proper poetic form for his utterances. Both of these points of view seem reprehensible to the author of this book. Spinoza himself certainly believed that he was saying something literally true about the universe and we owe him the simple justice of examining this claim on its own merits. This little essay is devoted to such an examination. Miss Saw, who teaches at the University of London, asserts that the philosophy of Spinoza is both true and important and that it can serve, in addition, in the words of her title, as a "vindication of metaphysics" against the current detractors of that discipline.

THE "WHY" OF MAN'S EXPERIENCE. By Hadley Cantril. Macmillan. $2.75. The nature of human experience is a question which plagues many kinds of scientists, but especially perhaps anthropologists and psychologists. As scientists, however, they do not often attempt to answer the "why," but only the "what," the "where," and the "when." The author of this book, a distinguished social psychologist who teaches at Princeton, appears to have no fear of the "why" and no scruples about including it in a somewhat awkward title. His book is anything but awkward. It is a highly satisfactory account of experience as viewed by a man who can bring the whole of current psychological literature to bear upon the problem. He is concerned primarily with a particular kind of experience—perception—and with the evidence which indicates that what we see depends upon prior experience and is not something we do with our eyes alone. This experience builds up into an "assumptive form world" which enables us to perceive in new situations and ultimately to join the life of the society of which we are a part. A standard of value is an important constituent of this "assumptive form world" and the outstanding characteristic of man is his ability to recognize "value attributes" in his experience. This bald summary unfortunately conveys very little of the quality of what is indeed an excellent brief book.

FREEDOM AND REASON: Studies in Philosophy and Jewish Culture in Memory of Morris Raphael Cohen. Edited by Salo W. Baron, Ernest Nagel, and Koppel S. Pinson. The Free Press, Glencoe, Ill. $5. It is no longer necessary to contend that Morris Raphael Cohen was one of the most influential thinkers of the present century. His reputation in this respect was already established at the time of his death in 1947 and his various posthumous publications—one still to come—have proved additional, if supererogatory, confirmation. Many of his students at City College of New York join other friends of Cohen to pay him tribute in this memorial volume, the original impetus for which came from the Conference on Jewish Relations, which he founded in 1933. The essays are divided into three groups, one on Morris R. Cohen himself, his life, his work, and his philosophical principles; another on various matters of concern to philosophy and the social sciences; and a third on Jewish culture. They achieve a high standard of competence and there is no doubt that Cohen, were he alive to read them, would take a large, if not wholly uncritical, pride in all of them. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.



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TIME FOR A PROGRESS REPORT

(*Continued from page 10*)

Korea, China, and Indonesia is being aided by this change.

5. *Hollywood Comes of Age.* From the inception of the movie industry until recent months, the Negro has been shown in films almost always as a comic, menial—or worse. There was a long period, following the success of "The Birth of a Nation," when he was pictured as a savage, sub-normal, lustful brute who could be controlled only by force. Since American motion pictures are seen by an estimated ninety million Americans each week and by many other millions in other parts of the world, the industry thereby perpetuated and spread all over the world these distorted impressions.

In recent years courageous and enlightened producers ventured to break with moving picture tradition. To their surprise and gratification many of these pictures proved to be financial as well as critical successes. "Lost Boundaries," "Intruder in the Dust," "The Silent One," "Home of the Brave," "No Way Out," "Pinky," "The Jackie Robinson Story," "Bright Victory," and "The Well" found enthusiastic audiences. Three of the films —"Lost Boundaries," "Pinky," and "Home of the Brave"—made more money for the companies which produced them than any other films of 1949, grossing more than twenty million dollars. Except in Atlanta and in Memphis (where a bigoted one-man censor board has made himself notorious) most of these pictures were shown without deletions to large audiences in the South as well as the North.

6. *Fair Employment Practices.* The right of a man to work at any job at his maximum skills regardless of color or religion is obvious to many Americans, but translation of such a principle into national law has been repeatedly filibustered out of Congress. However, eight states—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Mexico, Washington, Oregon, and Rhode Island—have passed state laws with enforcement powers against discrimination. Two others—Indiana and Wisconsin—have state FEPC laws relying upon persuasion. Nine others—Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Colorado, California—have had fair employment practices commission bills introduced in their state legislatures but such laws have not yet been passed.

At the national level all federally financed contracts are required to contain non-discrimination clauses. Since the policing of such requirements is vested in each agency making such contracts, the results to date have been of doubtful value. The agencies which consistently oppose discrimination, usually through the courage and freedom from prejudice of their top executives, of course insist on compliance to a greater degree than those staffed by prejudiced officials. Some progress has been made. State laws, municipal ordinances, and contractual prohibitions have materially reduced discrimination. They have demonstrated that legislation can be enacted and made successful where there is a will to do it.

7. *Progress in Labor Unions.* One of the cliches frequently used by those who seek to postpone action against prejudice is that "employees" and the "masses" are so bigoted as to make affirmative attack unwise. One of the most important gains during the last decade has been the reversal of the attitude and policy by many trade unions. From its inception the Congress of Industrial Organizations, having been formed in the main of unions in mass industries such as steel, rubber, automobile, ship loading, which employed many Negroes, pursued a more liberal racial policy than most of the American Federation of Labor unions and the Railroad Brotherhoods. Many of the latter until very recent years included clauses in their constitutions limiting membership to white workers. Changing conditions have forced abolition or non-observance of many of these discriminatory devices. The California Supreme Court in 1945 denied the Boilermakers' Union the right to represent workers barred from membership because of race. Although no unions, including those of the CIO, have yet attained total freedom from discrimination, such decisions and the national trend have worked such changes that today in one form or another all but a few labor unions wage direct warfare on race prejudice.

8. *The World of Sport.* Most visible sign of change to most Americans is the cracking of the color line in professional sports, particularly professional baseball. By overwhelming vote of the sports writers, Jackie Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers was chosen "Rookie of the Year" in 1947 and most valuable player in the National League in 1949. His team mate, Don Newcombe, also colored, was chosen most valuable rookie of 1949, and Sam Jethroe of the Boston Braves in 1950. Other Negro stars such as Larry Doby and Luke Easter of the Cleveland Indians, Monte Irvin and Willy Mays of the New York Giants, Roy Campanella and Dan Bankhead of the Dodgers played such skilled ball that within two years few persons thought of them any longer as Negroes but only as good ball players.

Negroes have been elected to such posts as captain, as in the case of Levi Jackson of the 1949 Yale University football squad, and as class marshal at Harvard. The banning of Negroes from bowling was ended during 1949 in a crusade led by the CIO. Alice Marble, the tennis star, and others led public opinion against the color line in that sport, and the exclusion of Negroes from professional basketball began to crumble because of the skills Negro players had shown on college teams.

9. *A Better Press.* One of the most impregnable barriers to understanding and acceptance by white America of the Negro as a human being and citizen has been disproportionate emphasis on race in newspaper stories. Even in the Northern press, it has been the custom to feature the color of a person charged with or suspected of a crime and to ignore race frequently when the story dealt with commendable achievement.

During the past decade more and more publications began to speak with increasing vigor against discrimination and to feature distinguished achievement by Negro scientists, diplomats, artists, and athletes. Radio in its earlier days was guilty of some of the same faults. But the industry's own decency, the protests of individuals and organizations, and importance of the twelve-billion-dollar Negro market have helped to correct these practices.

The newer medium of television not only avoided offensive stereotypes but broke new ground in the use of Negro talent. There was some apprehension regarding the acceptance by the public, particularly in the South, of Arthur Godfrey's Mariners, two white and two Negro singers. Public opinion has proved itself to be more en-

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lightened than many so-called leaders. Not only the Mariners but hundreds of other Negro performers have been accepted on the basis of ability.

Book publishers and magazine editors have contributed as much as any other group in transforming public opinion of the Negro. Few editors or publishers will refuse an article or book by either a Negro or white author dealing with race, however outspoken, if it is important, timely, and well written.

The steady growth of influence of Negro newspapers has helped alter public opinion among Negroes and white people. The technical quality of these papers steadily improved as more Negroes graduated from schools of journalism and secured experience by working on daily newspapers. At the turn of the century, Negroes were still distrustful of the treatment of news about Negroes in the "white press." Even when they believed such treatment to be more accurate, they relied upon the colored press for more details. This was particularly true during World War II, and the Korean fighting, when the larger Negro newspapers sent war correspondents to battlefronts to report on the successes and problems of Negro troops.

The second development during the decade was the employment of Negroes by some of the metropolitan dailies either as reporters or columnists. The number of editors courageous enough to subscribe to columns written by Negroes remains limited to date. But at least a beginning has been made towards recognition of the interrelationship of the problems of race and colonialism with other domestic and world questions.

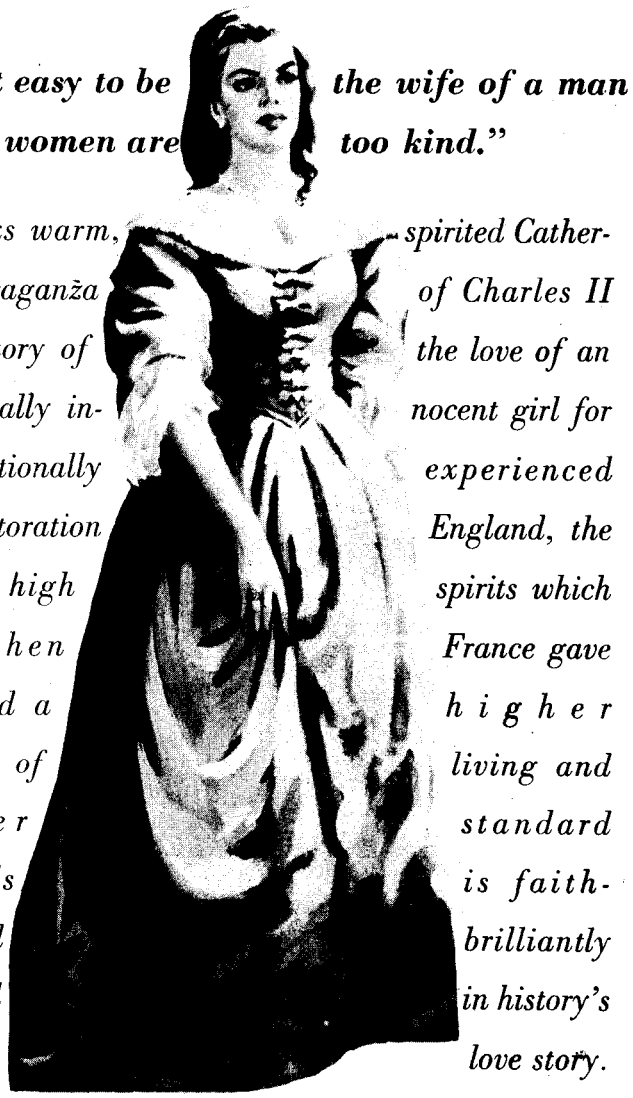
10. *Diplomatic and Judicial Posts.* Although their number is still small, in recent years Negroes have broken new ground in diplomatic and judicial fields. Most notable example is the Nobel Peace Prize winner, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, as mediator in the Palestine dilemma. Dr. Bunche has been showered with honorary degrees and other honors, chosen as the 1949 Father of the Year, invited to speak innumerable times before distinguished audiences not as a Negro but as one of the world's most distinguished diplomats. He was offered but refused a post as Assistant Secretary of State because he believed he could be of greater service as head of the Trusteeship Division of the United Nations and because he objected to racial segregation for himself and family in Washington—a protest which has had effect in easing the color line in the capital of the "world's greatest democracy."

Another pioneer who has broken five precedents through training and ability is William H. Hastie, now a Judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals, the highest Federal Court next to the United States Supreme Court. Edward R. Dudley today serves his Government in Liberia as the first U. S. Negro Ambassador. Mrs. Edith Sampson, colored lawyer of Chicago, has been appointed an alternate delegate of the United States to the United Nations.

11. *Political Balance of Power.* Chief ingredient in the progress which the Negro has made towards fuller participation in American life is the growth of Negro political power. This is primarily due to three reasons. The first is the great migrations during the last two world wars which have caused such distribution of the Negro vote that it holds the potential balance of power in seventeen states with 281 votes in the Electoral College—fifteen more than the 266 necessary to elect a President.

A second reason for the growth of power of the Negro vote is its political independence. Once believed by the Republican Party to be forever its property, the Negro during the past decade has voted to a far greater degree the Democratic ticket because of that party's greater concern for the welfare of the masses as against the classes. This does not mean, as Wendell Willkie and some other Repub-

"It is not easy to be the wife of a man to whom women are too kind."



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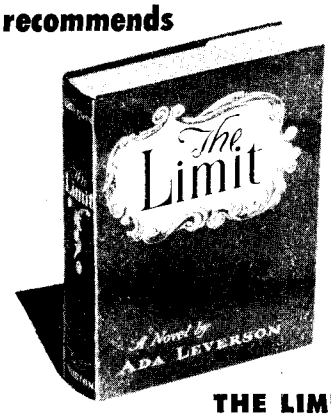

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lican candidates demonstrated, that the Negro vote has become the property of the Democrats. Both the Negro and astute political leaders are well aware of this fact which will undoubtedly intensify the efforts of both major political parties to gain the support of Negro voters.

The third factor is the Supreme Court decisions ending exclusion of qualified Negro voters from Democratic primaries in the one-party South. The recent deplorable revival of racism in certain Southern states is probably short-lived because the increased participation in politics of Negroes, labor, church, and other liberal voters will make less likely the election of professional bigots.

Another interesting point: The Negro vote does not function as a racial bloc except on specific issues such as civil rights. It has become increasingly concerned about all issues affecting domestic and world problems.

Election of Negroes to public office has not kept pace with this considerable growth of political power. There are two reasons why this is true. First, the Negro vote has concentrated on welfare of the entire group instead of jobs for individual Negroes.

Second, there are today only two Negroes in the House of Representatives numbering 435 members because of the gerrymandering of political districts to prevent as far as possible too great concentration of Negro political strength. But even this device is beginning to crumble.

12. *Gains in Employment.* The employment problems of Negroes, particularly at the semi-skilled and skilled levels, are still more acute than those of any other racial group. But steady and at times extraordinary progress is being made in this field. Though far from perfect, the situation is markedly better than it was immediately after World War I or at any time between the two world wars.

When war industries began to cut down on production after World War II, the rate of down-grading and discharge of minorities was markedly less than after World War I. Corporations like International Harvester Company, Ford Motor Company, Sperry Corporation, General Cable Corporation, Government departments in Washington, department stores in New York, Minneapolis, Hartford, and other cities maintain relatively the same proportions of Negroes in their employ.

Reference has already been made to the second important reason for this achievement—the materially changed attitude of labor unions. These powerful groups gave increasingly effective support to Federal legislation against employment discrimination. They too realized the necessity of such governmental action in those states where race prejudice prevented enactment of state or municipal laws. Support of the campaign for fair employment practices was not wholly due to wisdom and nobility; it was motivated by growing realization among the rank and file of union membership as well as their leaders like Walter Reuther, Philip Murray, and William Green, of the identity of interests among white and Negro workers.

The old rule of last hired, first fired for Negroes is not yet dead in American industry. It may and undoubtedly would undergo resuscitation in the event of widespread unemployment. But the attitude of Government, employers, trade unions, and the general public so far as jobs for Negroes are concerned has undergone considerable improvement within the past decade and the end is not yet in sight.

13. *A Place to Live.* It is unfortunately true as stated in "Civil Rights in the United States in 1949" that "throughout most of the country, racial discrimination governs the sale and lease of housing." Powerful and generously financed real estate lobbies continue to oppose successfully large-scale public housing and nondiscriminatory clauses for such houses. By devious means, they prevent sale or rental of housing to Negroes outside of restricted areas. One of the most effective methods of maintenance of racial ghettoes was by restrictive covenants in deeds to property prohibiting sale to Negroes, Jews, and other minorities, the proscription usually following the pattern of the prevailing racial or religious prejudice. After many years of challenge in courts of law, the United States Supreme Court in 1948 ruled that such covenants could not be enforced by any agency of government. The court refrained from passing on the constitutionality of such covenants.

There are few signs of cracks in the wall of discrimination. As a result of persistent pressure by influential organizations, the powerful Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration revised their rules approving racial and religious restriction involving insurance of mortgages. Although violence in the form of bombs and mob attacks have been resorted to in as widely distributed areas as Cicero, Dallas, Chicago, Atlanta, Birmingham, and Warren, Ohio, to prevent Negroes from moving into new areas, in other cities as widely separated as New York and Berkeley, California, white and Negro tenants live amicably together in the same housing projects. Long held be-

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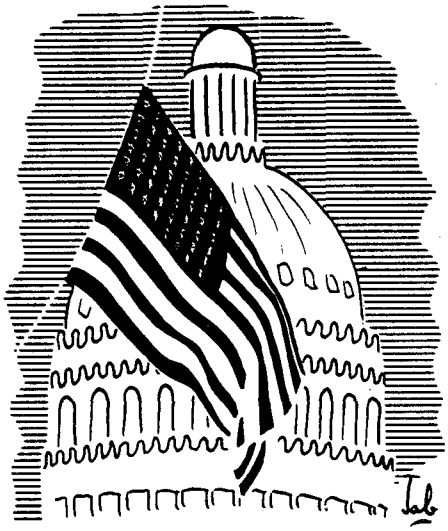

liefs that this could not be done are being destroyed or at least weakened by example in various parts of the country.

14. *Jim Crow on the Run.* In the fields of accommodations for minorities in travel and public places such as hotels, restaurants, theatres, and others progress has been less spectacular. But even here considerable change has taken place, especially since World War II. One contributing factor has been the location at Lake Success of the United Nations. Presence for long periods in the United States of the delegations and staffs of members of the U. N., approximately 60 per cent of whom are dark-skinned, has affected the practices of many places of public accommodations not only in New York but in other parts of the country. Americans have been jolted by the criticisms resulting from stupid acts of discrimination.

Most publicized for its discrimination has been Washington, D. C. Within recent months one hotel after another has entertained Negro or other dark-skinned guests without ineident or difficulty. In marked contrast with the situation in 1940 when no Negro could eat in any Government restaurant or cafeteria, today no Negro would be refused service in any of them. The color line still rules in most private restaurants, in housing, in theatres in the nation's capital. But it is less firmly entrenched than it has ever been before and there is little doubt that continued and increased assaults upon it will weaken it further.

15. *Religion and the Color Line.* Keeping pace with, or at least in some instances traveling not far behind, revolution of thinking in other fields has been the change in attitude of the church. At its 1948 meeting the Federal Council of Churches of Christ representing Protestant denominations went on record by an overwhelming vote to abolish church separatism. The World Council of Churches at its biennial meeting in Chicago in July 1950 unequivocally condemned race prejudice and economic exploitation based on race wherever it exists. Archbishop Joseph Ritter of St. Louis threatened excommunication of white Catholics who were about to institute court action against admission of Negro Catholic children to parochial schools. The colored children now attend these schools. Individual denominational groups throughout the country went on record opposing the color line in religion and through study groups, women's societies, and other branches initiated an increasingly vigorous and frontal attack against transgression perpetrated on their fellow citizens in violation of the laws of God and man.

IT WOULD be most unwise, despite these extraordinary gains, to leave the impression that the problems of race in the United States are solved or that Americans can afford to relax their efforts. Much remains to be done before we as Americans can view this problem with complacency or equanimity. We are not yet able effectively to answer the barbed attacks on our practices which increase in number from the critics of American democracy. There are still wide gaps between what we profess and what we do to implement our beliefs. But the solid body of achievement during the past decade constitutes the bricks of our structure of democracy; the flaws are the crumbling mortar and the defective underpinning which must be replaced and repaired to make our house indestructible.

The specific things which have been done are important but much more significant is the bloodless revolution of attitudes, national and individual. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt furnishes a magnificent example of this change. "Probably the most important thing that has happened in the United States in the field of race relations," she has written, "is that so many things are now taken for granted where the integration of the two races is concerned. This was brought home to me at the Inauguration of 1945 in the White House when a group of newspaperwomen who had been watching the receiving line came to me at the end of the day and said: 'Do you realize what twelve years have done? If at the 1933 reception a number of colored people had gone down the line and had mixed with everyone else in the way they did today, every paper in the country would have reported it. We do not even think it is news and none of us will mention it.'"

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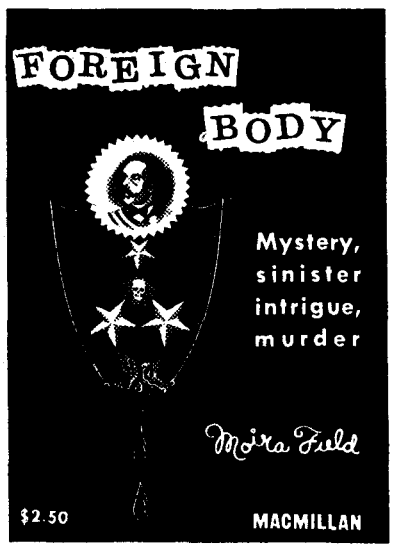

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE OTHER BODY IN GRANT'S TOMB *Richard Starnes* (Lippincott: $2.50)	News magazine ferret essays private coup in rackets-ridden US metropolis but yields place to pert medico St. George Peachy, who steps over assorted cadavers and brings bacon home through hail of bullets.	Parboiled toughy-roughy, told in engagingly smart-aleck patois, with solution not wholly unguessable to medium IQs.	For strong stomachs
THE SLEEPING WITNESS *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Manhattan defenestration preludes extended death-march among TV set. Rick Venner, ex-NavInt, and regular cops swing into action, sort of.	Overpopulated with admen, theatrical agents, actors, reeferees, hired hotel hands, and assorted spear-toters.	Pedestrian
TOO HOT TO HANDLE *Frank G. Presnell* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	L.A. mouthpiece with underworld contacts seeks vanished pal through haze of gunsmoke and thud of fists. Few of cast remain vertical.	Action packed, also people packed, but treatment is adroit and knowledgable.	For devotees of grim and gory
THE WRONG BODY *Anthony Gilbert* (Random House: $2.50)	British railway smash allows aging and solitary female to pull changeling act on naive compartment-mate of like status. Arthur Crook takes over and restores balance.	Gets off to a good start, then loses momentum, leaving climax on the anti side.	So-so
THE WATCH SINISTER *Marie Blizard* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Free-lance lady artist pursues vanished hubby through New York, Virginia, Connecticut and over assorted dead bodies. Investigation also on free-lance side; cops could have wrapped this up quicker.	Frying-pan-into-fire technique produces some exciting moments, some dull ones. Heroine (who tells story) sometimes a whirling dervish, sometimes a dishrag.	On the lurid side
FOREIGN BODY *Moira Field* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Tottering gent steered out of movie theatre in London suburb turns up dead, and Europe's chancelleries threaten to rock. Scotland Yard and locals team together effectively.	Sound and convincing job, professional and workmanlike, despite some slow spots. Refreshingly authentic Inspector Flower is somebody to watch.	Nice going
NEW DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR — 1951 *David C. Cooke, editor* (Dutton: $2.75)	Baker's dozen, all previously published in slicks. Unusually varied assortment, in setting, treatment, theme, time—one goes back 102 years, one involves spaceships.	Readable in own right, for the fun of it, and also as examples of what editors are buying.	Neat packaging
20 GREAT TALES OF MURDER *Helen McCloy* and *Brett Halliday, editors* (Random House: $2.95)	Fourth collection edited by Mystery Writers of America. Contents about evenly divided between originals and previously serialized material.	Thumbnail introductions by editors interesting and illuminating, and should be helpful to practitioners of the genre.	Tidy sample kit

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Film Forum

NEW WAYS TO MATURITY

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Adolescence is the awkward name for that difficult period when the child by nature (and, it is to be hoped, with guidance) is making the greatest effort at becoming adult. Not only in physical development but in emotional, social, and intellectual growth as well, there are tremendous strides to be taken. Even when the hardest part is over the adult still must keep pursuing maturity if he is to remain mature. Maturing is living in its fullest sense. When maturing stops we can easily recognize the many symptoms of a lifestream that is running dry—inordinate boredom, selfishness, confusion, intolerance, self-abuse.*

Films such as these should help adolescents and adults appreciate the importance of maturing, of comfortable growth, of increasing the enjoyment of one's own constructive capacities and those of other people. Paraphrasing what I heard often enough in my own adolescence, I can add with regret, "They didn't have such films when I was growing up."

GROWING GIRLS. *Produced by the Film Producers Guild, London. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* (13 *min.*)

Although the United States has won a world-wide reputation for itself on the quality and quantity of its classroom films those British productions that find their way over here seem unfailingly superior in almost every way. Here is an example of such excellence—a film designed to help prepare young girls for the physical maturing process that begins with menstruation. The physiological information is presented in an animation sequence which is repeated in full in the middle of the film to help the student understand and accept it. The device is unusual, but in this case extremely well chosen. The second part of the film uses live photography to show how one thirteen-year-old normally behaves and feels during her menstrual period, with special bits of advice in the commentary about hygiene, diet, rest, and general activities. The narration by the way is the kind that should really inspire confidence for the growing girl in the adult world she is becoming a part of. It is straightforward, factually concise, and psychologically mature; one final attraction is the warm, maternal quality of the narrator's voice which gives the film much of its glow.

There are one or two British allusions in the film, which an alert teacher should be able to use advantageously. For its intended audience of growing girls and their parents and teachers this is a film of greatest consequence.

THE GROWING YEARS. *Produced and distributed by the Girl Scouts, Visual Education Service, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.* (17 *min.*)

Janet, a pretty, young school girl in a pretty suburban town, finds companionship when she is asked to join the Girl Scouts and learns the importance of belonging, sharing, and helping in a group of her equals. At the end of the film, as a senior scout, she helps the newcomers and goes out of her way to befriend a lonely outsider and invite her into the Girl Scouts circle. All well and good, as far as it goes.

Any school girl who has never been a member of the Girl Scouts (or similar groups) must suspect that a certain amount of camaraderie and enjoyment goes with the business of belonging. The film tries to explain the advantages of such group activities, but I am sorry to say that despite its first-rate photography and the soft-spoken words of Henry Fonda as narrator it is only partially successful in achieving the spontaneity and sincerity which are essential in such a production.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S FEELINGS. *Produced by the Centron Corporation for Young America Films, 18 East 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.** (8 *min.*)

This is the first of a series of films for and about adolescents, designed to stimulate classroom discussion about problems of getting along together. The problem in this film has to do with teasing—how it affects the teaser, the victim, and the bystanders. No solutions are offered; instead the film ends with a number of provocative questions to think and talk about. Short and simple as this little film is, it is one of the most effective discussion films yet produced. I particularly enjoyed the youngsters who acted out the film play. The story and their lines for the most part were believable, and their acting definitely above par. "The Other Fellow's Feelings" is pegged at the level of fifth to ninth graders, and it should be a god-send to teachers who are on the look-out for new material to use in guidance, human relations, and mental health classes. In schools where no such classes have been established, isn't it about time they were?

Other films in this discussion series are "Other People's Property" and "The Outsider," both to be released next month. —CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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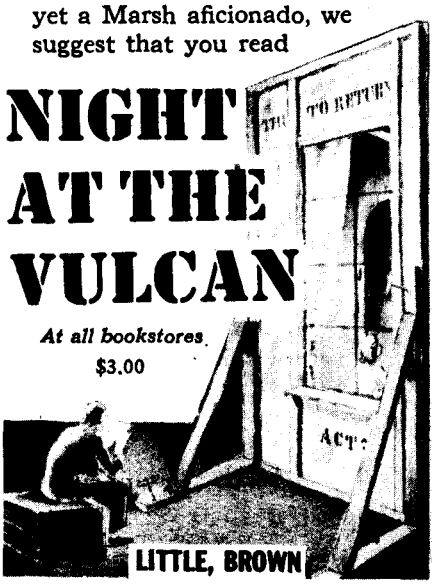

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BRINGING CHILDREN TO LITERATURE

KENNEBAGO LAKE CLUB.

LAST YEAR when we came to the Maine woods we had with us "The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch. We found in it even more pleasure and profit than it would have yielded if read on Manhattan.

This year, we discovered among our papers his "Shall We Bring Literature to Children or Children to Literature?" which appeared in the *Herald Tribune Books* for July 22. Read and pondered in this air that has blown across miles and miles of pine and spruce and cedar it has proved to be satisfying food for thought. With the thoughts—free as thought can be in this atmosphere—came memories of boys and girls in the Children's Room of the New York Public Library. Memories of boys who came to find an answer to a question, who went first to the catalogue, then to the open shelves to select not one book, but several books. Independent, objective, they answered the question through some authority with no help from the librarians—and were satisfied. Memories of story hours where the children listened entranced to the sound of words of which they did not know, nor cared to know, the meaning. To each the words made a different picture, and it was the sound rather than the sense that colored it.

What Joseph Wood Krutch says in this short article is worth much pondering. He makes the point that we must bring children to literature through their minds rather than through a visual image, that we must give them the power of choice so that they may accept or reject at will from their literary heritage. We must let them choose their own path through the written words. They will not lose their way. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

FINDERS KEEPERS. By Will and Nicholas. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1951. No paging. $2.

Will and Nicholas, as everyone knows by this time, are the creators of "The Two Reds." In this book they introduce two absurd and very appealing dogs, Nap and Winkle. Together Nap and Winkle find a bone. To which does the bone belong? Following the theme of an old East Indian folk tale they ask various people including a goat which of them is to have the bone. One of the people interrogated happens to be a barber and, while he is thinking it over, he cuts their hair. Nothing could be more utterly ridiculous than Nap and Winkle with their hair trimmed like French poodles! After winning a battle with a thieving dog for the bone they decided to share it.

Nicholas has done an outstanding piece of illustrating in this, his second picture book. There are action and humor in every drawing, and the bold, black design against the gold background is particularly effective. Children know perhaps better than their elders how to reward an artist for the courage and originality of his work.

POLLY'S OATS. Story and Pictures by Marc Simont. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1951. No paging. $1.75.

This is a very funny picture book. The children know Marc Simont as an artist, but after reading this they will certainly advise him to go on writing his own text.

—From "Polly's Oats."

The farmer had four horses, three of them prize horses who were fed oats. Polly was a work horse. All she got was grass in summer and hay in winter. Then one day Polly fell through a hole in the barn floor straight into the feed-room below. She had just begun to eat the oats, finding them delicious, when the prize horses came into the barn, fell on top of her, and, after chasing Polly out, gobbled many more of the oats than was good for them. They became exceedingly ill, were dosed with Epsom salts, and put on a diet of hay. When Polly got stuck in the mud in the barnyard, the veterinarian decided that she was a bit sluggish because of her diet. So the farmer fixed a feed-box by Polly's stall and fed her oats regularly thereafter. The drawings of Polly's facial expressions, of the three prize horses when they were very ill indeed, and the last one of Polly kicking up her heels because the oats made her feel so good are so satisfying that you come back to them again and again. They look like charcoal drawings and are beautifully reproduced.

WAGGLES AND THE DOG CATCHER. By Marion Belden Cook. Illustrated by Louis Darling. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1951. 64 pp. $2.

Louis Darling has made a number of drawings for this adventure of Waggles that will strongly appeal to the sense of humor of both little children and grown-ups. Waggles is an ingratiating little white dog who cleverly eludes the long-handled net of the dog catcher in a chase that begins on the first page and ends on the last. He finally settles down contentedly in the large, handsome house of Mrs. Titterhorn to fetch and carry for her and to bark loudly whenever he sees a dog catcher. The story is set in large type. It will be popular, we feel sure, among the younger boys and girls.

WHEN JENNY LOST HER SCARF. By Esther Averill. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1951. 32 pp. $1.50.

In this fifth adventure of Miss Jenny Linski, the little Greenwich Village cat, Pickles the Fire House cat who wears the impressive red helmet heroically rescues Jenny's red scarf from the Den of Dogs. Rob the Robber had run off with it when it was drying on the line in Captain Tinker's back yard. Notice particularly the drawings of Pickles on page 25. Miss Averill has drawn many pictures of Jenny, but

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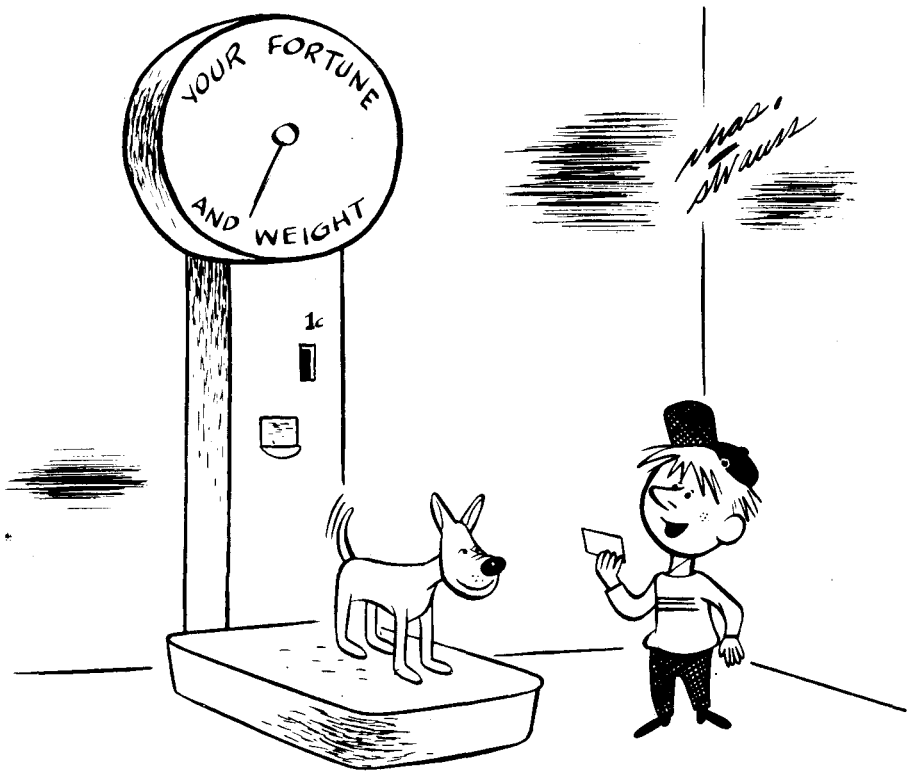
none as appealing as the one in this story where she sits patiently waiting by the fence to learn the outcome of Pickles's assault on the Den of Dogs. Jenny was far too well-bred to interfere when she realized that the Den of Dogs was on fire. But her patience and courtesy were rewarded in the end. This is, perhaps, the nicest of the Jenny Linski books.

STEAMBOAT SOUTH. Written and illustrated by Madye Lee Chastain. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1951. 233 pp. $2.50.

Just before the outbreak of the Civil War little Miss Amy Travis boarded a river steamer and traveled the long route down the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers from Wellsburg to New Orleans and then on to Jefferson in Texas. She was alone and had undertaken to help care for the six Beazy children to help pay for her passage. Mrs. Beazy was inclined to faint away in an emergency, and there were plenty of emergencies during the voyage. Madye Lee Chastain's sense of humor, her unfailing ability to create odd and interesting characters, her artist's power to fill in the details of background and atmosphere make Amy's trip a constant delight. From the elegant and authoritative Captain Jonathan Yoe to the "fake" phrenologist Amy's fellow voyagers are interesting. The boat itself with its white paint and red velvet carpets and hangings, its tables shining with silver and glass and groaning with food is a "period" setting that is skilfully drawn. It brings Amy finally to Jefferson and a warm-hearted aunt and uncle with whom she is to live. This is a very good story illustrated with many fine drawings in black-and-white.

TALLIE. By Mildred Lawrence. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1951. 213 pp. $2.50.

Paul Galdone, the illustrator of this unusually good story, has succeeded in drawing Tallie for the cover-jacket just exactly as we picture her in the story. Tallie was a bit worried because she was not pretty like Celia Jarrett or talented like the other members of the Jarrett family. But the pattern of her short life had taught Tallie to be intelligent, inventive, and unselfish, using her wits and her capacity for hard work to win a place in the family circle. Tallie was an orphan; her mother died when she was born, her father—whom she loved deeply—just before the story opens. When Mr. Jarrett, who was a newspaperman, had trouble with his eyes and had to give up his work temporarily, the family moved to what they thought was an inherited chicken farm in Pennsylvania. Tallie was largely responsible for the fact that it turned out to be a motel. Turning the modern chicken residences into little cabins for humans turned out to be a long, hard job in which Tallie did more than her share.



"'You are a dynamic personality, a scintillating conversationalist, a patron of the arts' . . . and you weigh seven and a half pounds, Blackie."

It is the characters that make this story so satisfying. Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, the two boys and Celia, Gus the farm boy, Mr. O'Hara the antique man who yearns to be a scarlet-coated huntsman, the father of Gus known to the Jarrett boys as "Weeping Willie," sly "Cheerful Chester" Holt—all of them real people emerging from the printed page to claim our interest and either approval or disapproval. Humor is instinctive in every word of the story as it is in all of Mildred Lawrence's books. In this one, however, she has drawn her most memorable character. Tallie is a unique and lovable young person.

SLEEPING MINES. By Gertrude E. Finney. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1951. 241 pp. $2.50.

To be a mining engineer is an unusual career for a girl—and this is an unusual story. Susan Claremore's father died in a remote mining camp in Montana taking with him the secret of a rich vein of silver on his property. Susan knew that unless the mine was kept open and the property assessed it would pass into the hands of the Government at the end of one more year. So, accompanied by a reluctant mother and sister, Susan went to the mine to spend a difficult and often dangerous summer. Ben Flagsteadman, old and experienced miner, and Darris Fleetwood, a young engineer, helped Susan, but the responsibility was hers alone. Isabel, the pretty, frivolous sister, and her anxious, careworn mother were a liability rather than a help and were really frightened as well as digusted by conditions in the camp. Susan herself has some terrifying experiences. In the end Susan found the vein and the future of the three of them was assured. There is a happy ending, too, to her love story. A very well-drawn and convincing dog character adds to the value of an exceptionally good story for older boys and girls.

THE SEA HUNTERS: Indians of the Northwest Coast. By Sonia Bleeker. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1951. 159 pp. $2.

This is the third of Sonia Bleeker's books about the North American Indians. Like the other two it is an authentic record told with intimate details, a sense of family life and of the balance between work and play. The Coast Indians had no fields or gardens. They lived entirely by what they

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wrested from the sea. The chapter on salmon fishing is fascinating as we compare it with modern methods. Black-and-white drawings that show the primitive equipment as well as the people add to the value of an informing and interesting book.

CORTES OF MEXICO. By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by William Stobbs. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1951. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

Few men have lived as adventurously as Hernando Cortés. This book tells his story from the day in 1504 when, as a boy of nineteen, he left Spain for the New World. In Hispaniola he found what the average man in those days would have called enough; a comfortable plantation carried on by slave labor and a beautiful wife of good family. But Cortés was not an average man; he was a son of destiny who scorned a fat life. He took part in the conquest of Cuba, which was tame for one who had his sights on the fabulous mainland to the west. Eventually, no one knew why, he was chosen to lead the first expedition into the land of the Aztecs. There, the series of almost unbelievable adventures that have become so familiar to the world unfolded around him. It is all here—how he burned his ships at Veracruz to prevent his little army from turning back, how he marched into Mexico where, through no direct fault of his or of Montezuma's, the peaceful explorers became bitter conquerors, how, though double-crossed by jealous associates and forgotten by the king to whom he had given an empire, he went on seeking new land up and down the Pacific coast until, neglected and alone with only five dollars in the world, he died in a tiny Spanish village at the age of sixty-two.

This is an excellent book for young readers who are not familiar with the Conquest of Mexico. It might well be followed by a companion volume on Peru. The illustrations are good.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Admirable Crichton," by James M. Barrie. 2. "Ruggles of Red Gap," by Harry Leon Wilson. 3. Mrs. Danvers, in "Rebecca," by Daphne DuMaurier. 4. Sancho Panza, in "Don Quixote," by Miguel Cervantes. 5. "My Man Godfrey," by Eric Hatch. 6. Mikhail and Tatiana, in "Tovarich," by Jacques Duval. 7. Pomona, in "Rudder Grange," by Frank Stockton. 8. Morgiana, in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," from the Arabian Nights. 9. Fritz Brenner, in any Nero Wolfe story, by Rex Stout. 10. Mlle. Desportes, in "All This and Heaven Too," by Rachel Field.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MARATHON "MEISTERSINGER"		
WAGNER: "DIE MEISTERSINGER." Complete recording. Saxon State Orch., Chorus of Dresden State Opera, R. Kempe. Ferdinand Franz (Sachs); T. Lemnitz (Eva); Bernd Aldenhoff (Walter); Gerhard Unger (David), etc. Urania URLP 206 (6 LP's in album, with libretto)	▶ Longest and biggest single work ever recorded, dramatizing the weird economics that brings such colossi from small companies, not the giants. Such is the LP Revolution! Complete opera on records is best judged not directly as compared with "live" performances, but for itself, as projected through loudspeaker. This on the whole is a superbly projected performance, but with exasperating petty weaknesses on technical side, a mixed-value cast. Above all, the words throughout are ultra-clear, allowing easy following of libretto for beginners. "Crowd" scenes come through magnificently, notably the "Johannistag" of Apprentices (boy singers, evidently). Eva and Magdelena wobble middle-agedly; not easy to hear. Sachs is tremendous, if perhaps not introspective enough. Walter I find disappointing, a hard, non-lyric voice that does not soar. David's high tenor is superb. Chorus wobbles but is good, orch. plays with excellent feeling if sometimes a bit unevenly. Technical faults: Basically excellent recording, wide-range, in big golden liveness. But monitoring(?) brings up soft parts, pushes climaxes down; distortion in louder parts. Voices are recorded close-to and very loud—good for diction but poor for musical balance, spoiling orchestra. Sachs's big bass is heartbreakingly distorted throughout. Walter's to lesser degree. Some common sense in mike mixing and level setting would have made huge difference. Nevertheless—altogether, this makes a thrilling experience in the listening, unique so far in recorded literature.	
QUARTET AND TRIO		
BEETHOVEN: QUARTET #12, OP. 127. QUARTET #13, OP. 130. Pascal String Quartet. Concert Hall CHS 1209; 1210	▶ Intimate, close-to style of quartet recording. Not as spectacular as some recent "big hall" jobs, but quite proper. Not much edge to highs, a rather flat perspective, but easy listening.	These are perceptive readings, a bit on the rough side, lacking the long line, but decidedly worth extended listening. Only LP versions now available — and these works need LP.
BRAHMS: QUARTET #1 IN C MINOR, OP. 51, #1. a) Budapest Quartet. Columbia ml 2191 b) Amadeus Quartet Westminster WL 5084 (also Schubert: Quartettsatz)	▶ The Westminster has the huge, magnified live sound of earlier issues from this company—most impressive, if a trifle false. The Budapest is closer, but also in large liveness. Both are excellent.	One of Brahms's soaring, lyric works — will delight even non-quartet fans. The Budapest, expectedly, has the better architecture, the more carefully shaped balance; but the Amadeus's last movement is more genuinely agitated than Budapest's; adds the very great Schubert unfinished quartet, beautifully played.
BEETHOVEN: STRING TRIO IN E FLAT, OP. 3. Pasquier Trio. Allegro Alg 3023	Very natural sound, well balanced, medium-live, adequately big. Some distortion in louder violin tones; not too noticeable.	Real old-style playing, reminiscent of Flonzaley and Lener days! Masterful, but sometimes a bit tired. The music is not profound.
SIBELIUS: QUARTET IN D MINOR, OP. 56 ("VOCES INTIMAE"). Griller String Quartet. London LLP 304	An excellent sound, combining close-to pickup with plenty of bigness and perspective. Best of all of these, by a hair.	Sibelius in seldom heard form. The usual rambling style is sharpened here, the musical content emphasized, tone color minimized. Not for quartet purists — but many will enjoy it.
JOHANN STRAUSS WALTZES (abr.) Anon. Orch. Pontiac PLP 501 ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS. Anon Orch. Pontiac PLP 519	Note these—As latest facet of LP: ten-inch records, unbreakable, at well under a dollar. Recording varies; the Strauss is excellent, as good as any, the "Nights" somewhat less good, a record of "Marches" is good, with 5000 cycle cut-off. Not expected to be high class—but the unexpected may turn up, even here. The Strauss isn't half bad. Large selection available, mostly corn. (Offshoot of Remington.)	

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 19*)

himself to give enough thought to others.

Certainly Benjamin Disraeli, in youth, in failure, in success, in triumph, was something to watch; and Mr. Pearson gives us sketch after brilliant sketch of him. As a young man he took as his example Lord Byron, and carried his imitation far beyond the needs of flattery. There was plenty of vulgar social anti-Jewish prejudice in England; and Disraeli was a handsome, brilliant, witty Jew whom all the ladies loved; and this did not endear him to men. So he added to his remarkable looks a costume which would have staggered Byron. Here is a fairly typical dinner costume:

> a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles reaching the tips of his fingers, white gloves with jeweled rings outside them, his well-oiled black ringlets touching his shoulders.

And this was a young man bent on making a career in politics and standing for a county constituency! He succeeded. He succeeded by his reckless courage, his complete disregard of criticism, his confidence in his ability, and the favor of a few friends and of all the ladies from the devoted Mary Anne, who married him when he was thirty-three and she was forty-five, to his "Faery" Queen Victoria whom he made Empress of India.

Disraeli's politics have been explained, excused, excoriated, misinterpreted. Just as he believed in the sacred call of the Jewish people, just as he held Christianity was the completion of Judaism, so he believed—if less precisely—in the destiny of England. At his first campaign he called himself Conservative-Radical—this at a time when every candidate was Whig or Tory. His label for himself was a good one. Every one today remembers the Conservative side; Mr. Pearson, while not understressing, recalls the Radical. The Disraeli who made moderate reforms in the franchise was denounced in an ode of Coventry Patmore's—the false English nobles and their Jew"—but who remembers that? Or that Disraeli supported the Chartists? It was Disraeli who in "Sybil"—the best of his novels—declared, apropos of the employment of children in factories, "infant-

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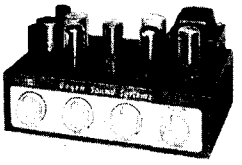

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icide is practised as extensively and as largely in England as it is on the banks of the Ganges." It was, to take international matters, Disraeli who declared to the House of Commons in 1856 that the United States must "find it impossible to resist the tendency to expansion"; and it was Disraeli who, during the Civil War, said, again in the House:

> When I consider the great difficulties which the statesmen of North America have to encounter, when I consider what I may call the awful emergency which they have been summoned suddenly to meet, and which . . . they have met manfully and courageously, I think it becomes England, in dealing with the Government of the United States, to extend to all which they say at least a generous interpretation, and to their acts a liberal construction.

Mr. Pearson does not move altogether easily in the world of politics, and he takes too lightly Disraeli's view of Gladstone. It was not so stupid, but almost as wrong as Gladstone's view of Disraeli. Still, for those fairly familiar with the English and European scene from the Reform bill to the Berlin conference, Mr. Pearson gives a good if pedestrian account of Disraeli's political life. But alas! we are left, just as we are after reading the six-volume official life, without coming close to the real Disraeli. He remains, as Wilberforce called him, "impenetrable." What did he mean to his friends? Or they to him? We know, in a sense, what he meant to his wife, to his women friends—he was at once a perpetual and delightful change, a source of ecstasy, a glorious entertainment. His Queen obviously got more pleasure from worrying over Disraeli's colds or gout than she could from any other of her faithful servants' anxiety at a serious illness of her own. But why? what was the secret of this man whom John Tenniel once drew as the Sphinx? That Mr. Pearson cannot tell us.

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—*NBC.*

Jimmy Durante—" . . . buffoon with a great nose and a greater heart."

Flamboyant Career

SCHNOZZOLA: The Story of Jimmy Durante. By Gene Fowler. New York: The Viking Press. 261 *pp.* $3.

By J. P. SHANLEY

WITH the flamboyant career of Jimmy Durante as his subject, Gene Fowler, in "Schnozzola," has contributed a bright and robust literary work that ranks alongside "The Great Mouthpiece," his lively success of two decades ago.

Enjoyment of "Schnozzola" need not be predicated on the conviction that Durante is one of the great funny men of our age. Some authorities on humor hold this to be an uproariously self-evident truth; others, like the late Burns Mantle are inclined to dismiss Jimmy as "foggy-voiced and crudely clownish." A subscriber to either of these views can, however, find stimulation in the humor and pathos of Fowler's narrative about Durante and the assorted grandees, thugs, drug addicts, and nice people who have been part of his crowded, turbulent days.

The Durante story begins on Catherine Street in lower Manhattan, where Jimmy was born, moves to Coney Island, where he first worked as a ragtime piano player, and follows his path to stardom through New York's Chinatown, Harlem, Broadway, Hollywood, and Europe. It describes the Club Durant (the final "e" was omitted because of a hasty sign construction job) on West Fifty-eighth Street, where Jimmy first gained fame as a partner of Eddie Jackson and the late Lou Clayton. It was here, at the peak of the Volstead era, that Harry Thaw once ordered a quart of Mumm's for $29 ($25 plus a four dollar cover charge) and told the waiter to keep the change of a $100 bill.

The more formidable patrons of the Durant, Mr. Fowler tells us, checked their weapons at the door to avoid Sullivan Law charges in the event of a raid, as well as to circumvent blood-letting on the premises. The artillery was held for them by the management in a chest that also accommodated cracked ice.

Another delicate incident in Fowler's narrative occurred when Jimmy and his partners were appearing at the Dover Club at Fifty-first Street and Sixth Avenue. The occasion was New Year's Eve in 1926 when, Fowler relates, "the Piping Rock Boys and the White Rock Boys" joined in revelry. Among the patrons of lesser social stature were Jack "Legs" Diamond and Arnold Rothstein, both of whom were shortly to expire under violent circumstances. Before the New Year had been welcomed properly, an hour-long free-for-all ended the festivities.

There also are poignant moments in "Schnozzola." Most of these are concerned with the tender, but often careless, love of Durante for his wife, Maud Jeanne, who died in 1943. The following is a significant description by Fowler of an incident right after Mrs. Durante's death:

> Jimmy and Lou (Clayton) knelt beside the casket. Durante kept saying the Rosary over and over. Long after midnight Clayton urged Jim to go home. He refused and stayed for three days and three nights at the mortuary.

Fowler cites evidence tending to prove that Durante's mangling of the English language is natural to him—that he does not try to mispronounce words. Garry Moore, his former radio partner, says it would be easy for Durante to say "catastrophe" instead of "catastrastroke." Moore maintains that the word first came to Jimmy's eye as "catastrastroke" and that he doesn't bother to change it because everyone knows what it means and changing it would spoil a laugh. Fowler points out that sometimes Jimmy "astonishes everyone by using a long word in the right place and enunciating it with professorial authority."

As a portrait of a buffoon with a great nose and a greater heart, "Schnozzola" is fascinating reading. It is also a detailed and valuable document relating to the mores of Manhattan during the era of the speakeasy.

J. P. Shanley is a member of the drama department of The New York Times.

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Schooldays & After

I'M A LUCKY GUY. By Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 239 pp. $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THESE reminisceneces cover some eighteen years in the life of the co-author of "Cheaper by the Dozen" and "Belles on Their Toes." Writing on his own, Mr. Gilbreth is rather more restrained and less exuberant than the collaboration. It is perhaps not unfair to assume that, under the same circumstances, his sister might react in much the same fashion.

Mr. Gilbreth's solo flight opens with his departure for the University of Michigan, and though he is at pains to explain that his narrative "is not primarily a chronicle of my college days," some 38 per cent of his text is just that. After graduation he joined the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, but he wanted to get out of New York, and took a job with the Charleston *News and Courier*. From there he went to Raleigh with the Associated Press, and thence into the Navy.

His Navy experiences cover only fifty-odd pages, but they are the best part of the story. Gilbreth served in the Pacific, becoming public relations officer to an admiral ("You're supposed to keep my name out of the newspapers") and later his aide. He learned the difference between "Aye, aye, sir" and "Yes, sir"—it will surprise a good many landlubbers to learn that there *is* a difference, and a logical one. He was involved in various snafus, largely self-made, one of which involved Admiral Nimitz.

This Navy interlude ends all too quickly, and Gilbreth is back in Raleigh with the AP, which soon transfers him to New York. He jumps at a chance to return to Charleston as an editorial writer for the *News and Courier*, and at that point, late in 1947, the story ends.

In the course of these eighteen years the author woos and wins a wife, and some of the attendant confusion suggests the hilarity of "Cheaper by the Dozen." But in the main the narrative is straightforward self-history, most of it agreeably matter-of-fact, and none of it tremendously exciting. What heartiness and zest emerge is largely in the salt-water experiences. Mr. Gilbreth obviously had a good time in the Navy, or at least he has a good time remembering it, and he lets the reader share his enjoyment. He should have had more to say about it.

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(Continued from page 49)

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MALE, imaginative, understanding, appreciative, invites sincere feminine correspondence. Box 930-H.

ARTIST, I want a job!—part or full time—to assist in furthering studies, anywhere. Job not necessarily in art. Portraits now of professional standing. Box 931-H.

UNDERSTANDING YALEMAN, Air Force officer, hopes for correspondence with young lady domestically inclined. Box 932-H.

TRAVELING talent scout would swap letters with imaginative mature females. Box 933-H.

WOMAN, cultured, winsome, understanding, charm, vitality, fond home country, invites correspondence man mature age. Box 934-H.

CHESSMASTER offers amateurs instruction. NYC area. JAmaica 6-4097. Box 935-H.

YOUNG ANTHROPOLOGIST, traveled, knows German, French, business experience; seeks suitable position. Box 936-H.

FOR RENT: 3½-room apartment, 2 bedrooms. Unusual country surroundings, near Garrison, N. Y. Lease. Box 864-H.

PERSONALS

THE ART OF GRACIOUS LIVING is expressed unforgettably week by week in the distinguished British journal, COUNTRY LIFE. Discriminating Americans read this beautifully illustrated weekly for its surveys of historic mansions, castles, villages and towns, its connoisseurs' pages and authoritative articles on every aspect of the lovely British countryside. No journal portrays the traditional English way of living more faithfully or more delightfully. Special Introductory Subscription: $3.75 for 3 months (13 consecutive issues sent direct to your address from London). Mail order with remittance and your name and address to authorized agent: Jeremy North—Bookseller. "Friendship House," Jamestown, Rhode Island.

GAMBLING GAL hereby risking five bucks in hope of good sport to start correspondence. Box 945-H.

MUSIC STUDENT seeks interesting job in Boston—help pay for studies. Box 946-H.

LADY, older, modern, educated, lively, traveled, pleasant, lonesome. Box 937-H.

YOUNG GAL dares you to answer this ad. Box 938-H.

ATTRACTIVE MOTHER, administrative experience, seeks interesting, remunerative job. Box 939-H.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interested dancing, golf, travel, wishes correspondence with lady having similar interests. Box 940-H.

WRITER, published, wants afternoon work. $2.00 an hour. Box 942-H.

MATURE ARTIST offers painting lessons for editing art manuscript. Box 943-H.

NEEDLEPOINT WORKED EXPERTLY, 10¢ square inch. Help you? Box 944-H.

WRITER-RESEARCHER. Published, draft exempt, social sciences, extensive experience research editor encyclopedia information service, desires position. Box 951-H.

PROVE ME WRONG! Young newscaster doesn't think this girl exists: she reads Proust with ecstasy; appreciates Farrell's novels, criticisms; can give views on Dostoevsky, Faulkner; and likes baseball. Box 952-H.

22-PAGE PROGRAM NOTES for First Art Film Festival, $1.00 per copy. Write FILM FESTIVAL, P. O. Box 225, Woodstock, N. Y.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

PERSONALS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, DIVISION OF GENERAL EDUCATION. Evening courses of interest to SRL readers include Short Story Writing—Hollis Alpert, Isaac Rosenfeld; Novel Writing—Ralph Bates, Saul Bellow; and Poetry Writing—Howard Moss. Classes begin week of Sept. 24. Registration: 1 Washington Square North, Noon to 7 P.M., Monday through Friday.

AFTER STUDYING music, philosophy, find big world indifferent. Some experience research, writing. Appreciate job suggestions. Box 954-H.

HELPFUL GIFT Suggestion Check-list free. Send postal BOOK CENTRE, 612 North Michigan, Chicago 11.

YAHTZIE—Successor to Canasta. You'll like it, as will your game-minded friends at college or in service. Complete introductory set postpaid anywhere, $1.00. P. O. Box 1505, Austin, Texas.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED by iconoclastic liberal and outdoor enthusiast. Box 948-H.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG LADY, 25, intelligent, cultured, appreciating fine surroundings, desires interesting housekeeper's position with small adult family. Tranquil meticulous, excellent cooking, typing, fine sewing. References. Light colored, single. Live in. Commensurable salary. NYC or Westchester area. Box 949-H.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE. Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful fall vacationland. Excellent accomodations. Sports. Restful. Delicious meals. Low fall rates. Folder.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 913

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

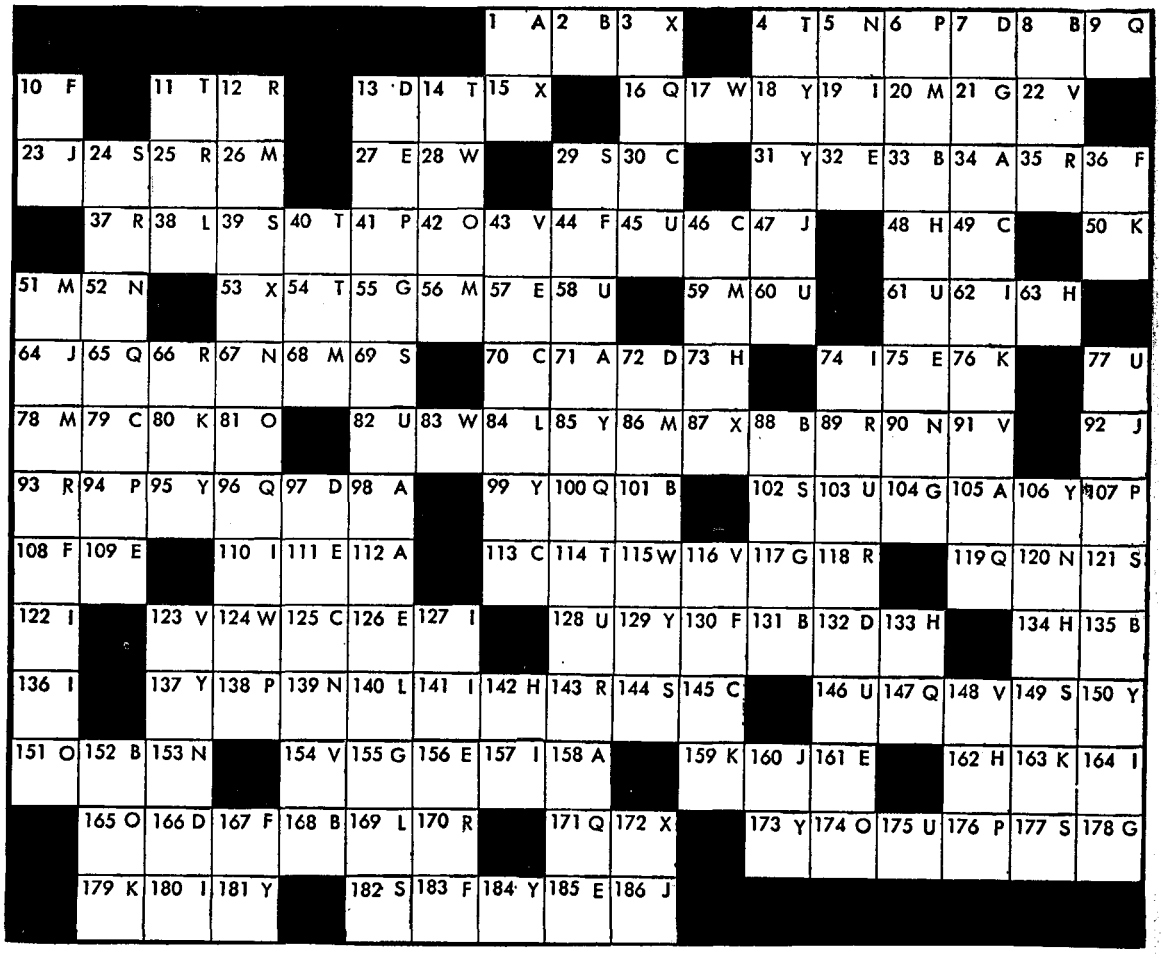
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Familiar name of pitcher in Word B.	105 158 71 34 112 1 98
B. Pitcher for the Giants, 1900-1916 (Baseball Hame of Fame, 1936; 1880-1925).	152 168 131 2 88 101 33 8 135
C. Below standard (comp.).	125 49 70 113 46 145 30 79
D. Bird of prey—eagle, hawk, etc.	166 132 7 13 72 97
E. Like a young French working woman of lively and free manners.	109 57 27 126 161 111 185 156 32 75
F. One of the Quints.	183 130 108 10 44 36 167
G. American novelist (see Word P; 1894—).	21 104 55 155 117 178
H. Peak 12,723 ft. high, NE Utah.	133 134 73 48 162 142 63
I. Remaining closed at maturity (said of certain fruits; bot.).	110 122 136 164 62 141 19 157 127 180 74
J. First name, former manager and part-owner of the Dodgers.	23 160 64 47 92 186
K. King of the Fomorians, father of Bres (Irish myth.).	76 80 179 50 163 159
L. A schism.	140 38 84 169

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Inhabitant of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge (U.S.).	86 56 68 26 78 51 59 20
N. Eighth satellite of Saturn.	139 67 120 52 90 5 153
O. Hard, black, wood that takes a high polish (tropical Asia and Africa).	174 165 151 42 81
P. Noun in title by author in Word G (preceded by "One More").	176 138 6 107 94 41
Q. Sends forth in a stream, without restraint.	171 119 65 16 100 96 147 9
R. Sportsmen, esp. in England, who use hounds (2 wds.).	12 25 118 170 143 89 66 93 37 35
S. Provided for (3 wds.).	29 24 177 69 39 144 102 149 121 182
T. Exclamation expressing excited delight (comp.).	14 11 40 4 114 54
U. Marked by weakness, love of ease, and softness.	103 146 60 77 128 45 82 175 61 58
V. Came across (2 wds.).	116 148 22 154 43 123 91
W. Temper; fury; anger (colloq. and dial.).	115 17 83 28 124
X. German composer, musical director at Bonn, where he taught Beethoven (1748-98).	53 15 3 172 87
Y. Deprived of courage and hope.	181 184 137 106 85 31 173 95 129 99 18 150

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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